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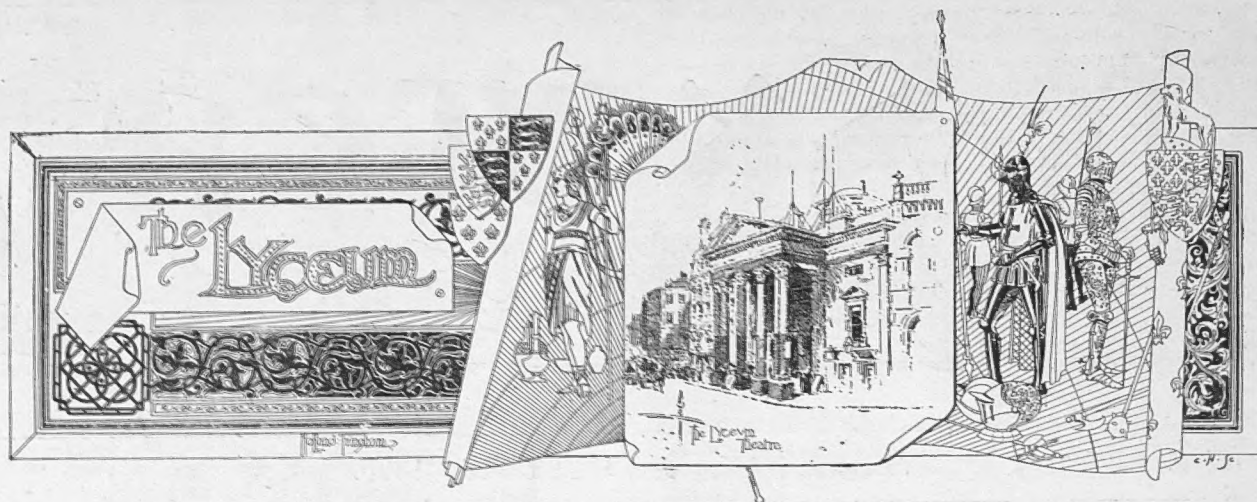
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS ELLEN TERRY, NOW APPEARING AS GUINEVERE IN "KING ARTHUR,"
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY MESSRS. CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



THE PRODUCTION OF "KING ARTHUR."

One is disposed to say that the art critics should have been sent "to do" the new play at the Lyceum and the dramatic critics might have been left at home, for its chief importance is entirely as pageant. Were the eye not treated with extraordinary hospitality, we should all be discontented with the entertainment, since there is not much that appeals to ear or intellect that is of satisfactory quality. Fortunately, it happens that the production is, on the whole, unique in beauty. Scenes more gorgeous, brilliant, dazzling, and perhaps costly, have been sometimes presented to us, yet none, I think, so beautiful as the wonderful tableaux of the first act and the tranquil pictures of the second.

In mentioning the ear, perhaps I should have kept the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan out of the question; yet, while his old music—in which "The Tempest" and "Marmion" have a great share—is admirable, one cannot speak quite enthusiastically of the new. The chorus of Lake Spirits seems rather trivial; the "May Song," though gracefully written, lacks individuality, and the solemn "Chant of the Holy Grail," though impressive, has little of the gift for haunting the ear that is shown by the Grail motive in "Parsifal." The best, indeed, are the passages of descriptive music that accompany some of the speeches in the fashion that gave birth to the now differently used term, "melo-drama"; they were effective, and at times fascinating. Particularly beautiful was the long passage that preceded the first act, after the actual prelude of "The Imperial March."

However, it may seem sweets before soup to talk of music before the play, yet I am not very anxious to get to the actual drama. No one should underrate the difficulty of Mr. Carr's task. He had before him a vast mass of material in the wonderful, fascinating compilation of Sir Thomas Malory and the exquisite "Idylls of the King"; whether he has looked at Dryden's "King Arthur" I cannot say. Moreover, the versions differ, and some of us love the one and some the other. The blameless, cold-blooded hero of Tennyson bears no resemblance to the hot-headed Arthur of Malory, who could by no means say "For I was ever virgin save for thee," who, indeed, had an intrigue with a married woman (Igraine, wife of Lot, King of Orkney), whence was born Mordred, who killed him—who, worse still, when he was told that a child born on May Day would ruin him, strove, like Herod, to cheat fate by having all such children save Mordred, who escaped, murdered.

Perhaps it is needless to dwell on the other faults of an excellent king who had many good points, nor need I dwell on the difference between the Guinevere and Lancelot of Lake of Sir Thomas and the Guinevere and Lancelot of Tennyson. Enough it is that they are very different people, and herein has him a difficulty for Mr. Carr. He was sure to displease some, not certain to delight any. As it stands, one feels that he has gone to work timidly, and tried to apply the ideas of Tennyson to the tales of Malory, and I have a suspicion that the actual play presented is only the residuum of a far larger work gradually cut down on account of the scenery, &c.; this only can account for the badness of its proportions. Of actual drama, of tragedy of husband, wife, and lover, there is a small amount to the quantity of play.

Nevertheless, nothing will reconcile one to the quality of the verse. Nothing is easier, nothing more difficult to write than blank verse. The schoolboy can put his thoughts into rhymeless lines of so many beats, and get the caesura in the right place and use proudly the term "iambic pentapody." Unfortunately, however, the English heroic verse either is bemumbling in effect or else life-giving. It makes or mars. You are a word-musician, and then your verse may make even jejune thoughts palatable; or else, lacking the attuned ear, your lines will fetter even finest thoughts. It cannot be said that Mr. Carr has the attuned ear; perhaps his lyrics show this most clearly, for while "The May Song," despite the first lines of the second stanza, is rather pretty, the others are painful—there is no more music in them than in an ordinary royalty ballad.

However, let me pass from consideration of the yard-measure-manufactured verse to the matter, and then I may say that there are some charming ideas in the piece—gaining, it is true, no grace from their guise—and some effective scenes that would be really powerful if they moved in the swifter accents of prose. Space denies me, or I might quote some passages of real merit. As it stands, the play serves. Obviously, its

purpose has been humbled to the mission of attendant on the players and mounters of the piece. Were "King Arthur" a noble poem, one would murmur at its subordination; as it is, one must applaud the ingenuity with which the author has contrived a story out of a huge mass of matter, even if he has failed to give much individuality to his characters or motion to his tale.

For the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones no praise can be too high. With the lavish aid of Mr. Henry Irving, he has contrived a spectacle that would reward the most captious poet for a visit to the theatre. Some, essaying to be critical, may complain that where chronology is nought, as in dealing with mythical history, it would have been better to associate Gothic architecture with Gothic armour, and not given fourteenth-century knights in eleventh-century halls; but it savours of hypercriticism. In truth, to see Miss Ellen Terry acting at her best, her beauty set off by exquisite gowns—to have Mr. Forbes Robertson looking like a knight from an old Italian picture and acting superbly—to behold the lovely white-thorn forest and the delightful colour combinations of costume in it, and the grand tableaux when the knights go on their quest, is ample gain for a long evening. Mr. Henry Irving has hardly a part in which his peculiar genius can show itself, and yet it is a pleasure to see such an impressive, dignified performance as his King Arthur. Great praise is due to Mr. Sydney Valentine, an admirable Merlin, to Miss Annie Hughes, charming as Clarissant, and Miss Lena Ashwell, a delightful Elaine *le Blaunché*. MONOCLE.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE LYCEUM.

What a sensation would be raised in scientific circles if a new world, near enough to our own to admit of visiting, should suddenly be discovered!

At least, let no one pronounce such a discovery impossible who has not been behind the scenes at the Lyceum Theatre, for, verily, there lieth a sphere beyond the ken of the uninitiated. "Behind the scenes" must be read in its broadest meaning. Many men, ay, and many women, have partaken of Mr. Irving's "chicken and champagne" on the stage after "first-night" performances; but though they have tasted pleasure as well as dainties, and seen other "wings" than those of fowl, they are far from having penetrated the mysteries to which I allude.

When Dante visited the underground world he had Virgil as "guide, philosopher, and friend." I had Mr. Loveday, Mr. Irving's valued stage-manager, to lead me from the flies to the subterranean passages beneath the pit, and the mechanism of his own world—all the secrets of its orbit, rotation, latitude, and longitude, so to speak—lay at his very finger-ends.

At the beginning of our expedition we rose, like cream, to the top. Ascending a long stone staircase between brick walls, with openings here and there, admitting to wooden platforms overlooking the stage below, we found ourselves in a region reminiscent of days when the captain of a certain ocean liner had allowed me beside him on the "bridge." Here, however, there were bridges four and a maze of ropes like the rigging of a ship. Grooves and slides were visible in all directions for the scenes to be run in. Windlasses, "cloths," and scenery hung suspended, one setting behind another, ready to be lowered for the evening's performance, while printed inscriptions appeared to guide the army of fly-men who manage the intricate system of ropes, and who, by the way, have mostly been in Mr. Irving's employ for many years.

Looking up, I observed a portion of a large organ. Far below me, on the stage, I dimly saw the other half, and Virgil—I mean Mr. Loveday—explained the mystery. The organ is played by electricity on the stage, while the far-away, thrilling notes which create such moving effects in the cathedral scene from "Faust" or the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing" float down from the flies.

Staring upwards through the dimness once more, one observed an enormous piece of metal, pendent from the roof. This was the great "thunder" sheet, and later, in our wanderings below the stage, we came upon the mystic "rumbles" which follow the first terrific vibrations in Lyceum storms—for instance, the "Brocken" scene in "Faust."

Mysterious to the ear, they were material enough to the eye, these "rumbles"—mere shelves full of different-sized balls, placed above a long shoot, and to be sent down in response to cues—given, as all are

at the Lyceum, by means of "hammers," or weights, at the ends of cords—signifying a "heavy rumble," "very heavy," "double rumble," and so on. It seemed only appropriate to find the "wind and rain boxes" within convenient distance of kindred elemental disturbances, the former machine consisting of metal bars, rubbing sharply against silk when set in motion; the latter, somewhat resembling a hollowed-out grindstone, filled with myriads of wires, among which dried peas are caused briskly to circulate by the turning of a crank.

Here was Nature dissolved into the crudeness of its original elements, so to speak, yet *super-naturally* considerate enough to answer cues.

As for the cues themselves, though one man attends to all in his own department, there are many departments—from lightning, thunder, wind, and rain to incidental music, "curtains," scene-shifting, and all the many-coloured changes of light upon the stage.

Of course, a regular army of men is employed, and an army, indeed, it is—an army wearing list slippers!—in its strictness of discipline. The stage-manager gives his orders to the stage-carpenter, who directs the fly-men, and thus down through lesser grades of theatrical officials; while the prompt-box, with its wonderful system of signals, may well be termed the general's head-quarters. All this, however, is anticipating, for we are supposed still slowly to be descending from the regions of the flies.

At every step one was confronted by a species of apparition from some famous and well-remembered scene in Mr. Irving's *répertoire*. Here were the storerooms for properties; there large, airy apartments, where neat-looking men and women were busily creating stage flowers, fruit, vegetables, ornaments, gilded vases and drinking-vessels. In the big "practice-room" we came upon the entire banqueting-scene from "Henry the Eighth," with only the living figures absent. Great ancient clocks and an organ or so irrelevantly filled spare corners, while portraits of nearly all the actors and actresses whose talents have graced the past century or two hung upon the walls.

Having exhausted the novelties of the several "modelling" rooms for stage properties, there was still the work-room for the manufacture of furniture-coverings, drapery, and wonderfully realistic chain-armour, made of cord.

This armour, by the way, only appears upon the stage in the rear ranks, for that placed in front is genuine and valuable. Beyond the work-room was visible the armour-room, as imposing as that in the Tower of London, with its grim rows of metal cases, its swords, guns, spikes, and halberds arranged in intricate patterns against the walls. Here and there a quaint spinning-wheel, a ship, or a throne stood solitary, and seemingly out of place in its surroundings; but my guide smiled at my suggestion of incongruity. Every foot of room must be utilised in the Lyceum. Not the smallest article but had a special place as well as mission of its own. With a *répertoire* of fifteen or sixteen elaborate scenic productions, in which twelve minutes was the very longest "wait" ever allowed between settings, perfect order and routine were necessary above all things. Ample as appeared to a novice the storing accommodation of the theatre, there was not nearly enough room, and another receptacle for properties, over the Waterloo Arches, covered far more space than the Lyceum itself. If Mr. Irving did not so wisely and thoroughly believe in the scene-painter's art for many of his effects, still further accommodation would be required.

All this I heard before we had penetrated into the regions below the stage, extending even beneath the entrance-hall in Wellington Street.

Here was the gas-room, tenanted by the gas engineer, a man great in authority, and thriftily stocked with chandeliers, "Henry the Eighth" links, and Venetian torches. Outside, we passed the grim-looking "Corsican Brothers'" "trap" for the ghost, and eight sets of magnificent bells, the most important in size being the largest hemispherical bells ever used in a theatre.

Presently I was told that I was "under the pit"—rather a ghastly sort of expression—was shown the apparatus for purifying the air in the theatre, and made acquainted with a gentleman in a little box, whose business it was to check each "super" on entering or leaving the theatre, and also to pay him for his services.

Here we faced the entrance to a long semicircular tunnel, the abiding-place of "supers," each man having his own mirror, "caged" gas jet, hooks and shelves for clothing, with his name printed above; and there is ample accommodation for 150 men. Beyond, a large room is made comfortable for eighty "ladies of the ballet," and tall suits of armour seem to "stand guard" outside.

Hastily I was adding a hundred-and-fifty to eighty, when Mr. Loveday "mixed me up again" by discoursing calmly of 600 employees, "counting the artists," and the number being "multiplied in all the biggest scenic productions."

I attempted no more mental arithmetic, but meekly listened as Mr. Loveday told me how for such pieces work was begun fully two months beforehand—the ballet, chorus, music, soldiery, and processions all being rehearsed separately, and then brought together when each had attained perfection.

Last of all came a visit to the dressing-rooms and green-rooms—above-ground once again—to say nothing of the band-room, the book-room, and manuscript-room. In the larger green-room I was allowed to linger, trying the piano, sitting on the crimson-covered benches, looking at myself in that huge mirror which has reflected many shining lights of "the profession," gazing at the valuable framed play-bills, the pictures, and the famous Shakspeare mask.

The most fitting sequel to this expedition seemed, to my mind, the Lyceum ticket-office, and thither let us fly!

A. L.

MR. JOSEPH HURST, OF THE BOX OFFICE.

"Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from ten till five." How familiar is the line! It has been at the foot of the Lyceum advertisement in the columns of the daily papers for nearly twenty years, although Mr. Hurst's connection with the historical house in Wellington Street dates even further back, for he was at the Lyceum with Colonel Bateman in 1871.

No; not Lyceum Theatre—simply Lyceum. Mr. Henry Irving is not a man to waste words; he knows there is only one Lyceum in



Photo by S. Hockett and Co., New Barnet.

MR. JOSEPH HURST.

London, and when its name appears among the announcements of public amusements, all the world is aware that the Lyceum Theatre is meant.

So the advertisement stands, "Lyceum, Sole Lessee, Mr. Henry Irving," at the top; and "Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from ten till five," at the bottom.

It was shortly after ten o'clock that I found my way to the Lyceum, in the hope of catching Mr. Hurst before he began his day's work; but the vestibule was already crowded with anxious applicants for seats.

"Can I see Mr. Joseph Hurst?" I ask, when I succeed in reaching the box-office window.

"Pantomime or 'King Arthur'?" inquires the courteous young gentleman who is for the moment dispensing tickets.

"Personal."

"You will find him opposite, at the 'Santa Claus' booking-office; we are only booking 'King Arthur' this side."

To the evident delight of an old gentleman who wants six "front-row dress-circles" for the second Saturday in February, I leave the window and hurry across to the other side of the lobby. Here there is another crowd, all clamouring for "front row" and "the very best seats" to witness Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime. I explain to Mr. Hurst that I want ten minutes' chat with him, but, seeing how busy he was, I would call after five o'clock.

Suppressed cheers by the box-office besiegers.

At half-past five I return. Mr. Hurst's laughing eyes beam at me through his gold-rimmed spectacles as he shakes his head. The people were streaming out from the pantomime.

"Wait till they've all gone, and I will see what I can do for you; but I have all these letters to answer, so I cannot spare much time"—and he pointed to a basket containing quite a hundred epistles.

"Don't you get terribly mixed over the two performances?" I ask, as I watch him sorting out all the applications that have come by post.

"Not at all; we work on system, and everything is simple. We have separate booking-offices, and as the pantomime is now in full working order, it is very plain sailing so far as that is concerned."

"Your work, I see, does not finish at five o'clock?"

"The hard work of the day is only just commencing. We get between two and three hundred letters every day booking seats: these have to be marked off, the money checked, and the tickets forwarded before we leave. For the past week I and my three assistants have been here till after eleven o'clock every night. We enter the name of the occupier of every seat on a sheet. This is useful for many reasons: if there are inquiries for visitors, it is easy to find them; telegrams often

come for people in the house, and the attendants can deliver them at once; it enables us to return lost property, and facilitates inquiry into complaints—happily, these are very few at the Lyceum. It also entirely prevents the issue of what are known as “doubles,” that is, two tickets for the same seat. It is very annoying for a person to come to the theatre and find the seat for which he holds a ticket occupied by someone else. This is one of the strong points of my system, that this never occurs at the Lyceum.”

“You get some very distinguished names upon your sheet?”

“We do; but I cannot tell you any of them, as I make it a firm rule never to talk about the business of the theatre. Our patrons embrace the highest in the land, but I consider it would be great impertinence on my part to talk about the way in which any individual takes his amusement. You must, therefore, not ask me any questions which it would be a breach of privilege as well as etiquette to answer.”

“I see there are no seats to be sold for the ‘first night’ of ‘King Arthur,’ and it is always difficult for the outside public to obtain tickets for any Lyceum ‘first night.’ Do you mind telling me how you manage?”

“It is merely a case of being too late. After the claims of the Press and Mr. Irving’s private friends have been satisfied, it is ‘First come, first served.’ I received applications from the public for this ‘first night’ four months ago. These were entered on a list in the order they were received, and tickets were issued in rotation until the house was full. People who cannot now get seats have only themselves to blame because they did not apply earlier. I try to accommodate everybody, and make all comfortable. I even try to remember the particular seats which regular patrons of the theatre always like to occupy, and allot them accordingly.”

“You book half-crown seats at the Lyceum, I believe?”

“Yes, in the amphitheatre. Mr. Irving once arranged for seats in the pit to be booked, but the plan did not find favour with the public.”

I bid Mr. Hurst “good evening,” and, deeply impressed by his tact, industry, and good-nature, leave him to finish his correspondence. The life of a box-office-keeper is not altogether one of pleasure, but Mr. Hurst seems to delight in his business, and is proud of serving under the banner of his illustrious chief. Good masters make good servants, and the tried and faithful staff, which has been with Mr. Irving, almost without change, while he has held the reins of management at the Lyceum, is high testimony to his judgment and sterling noble character.

Mr. Joseph Hurst before he went to the Lyceum served a box-office apprenticeship at Mitchell’s, in Bond Street. He was also at one time the manager of the *Tuditor*, a clever little paper which had a short life in the early ‘seventies.

NEAR THE BAND-STAND.

Park on Sunday evening. Top-hatted orchestra playing on band-stand, lighted by gas lamps perched in trees. As background a blue white-flecked sky. Around and around enclosure, dense crowd walks. Band stops; animals in adjacent Zoo roar appreciatively.

CROWD. O! they’ve stopped plying! What a shame. Wonder what the next piece is s’posed to be?

AMABLE YOUTH (*on chair, ingratiatingly to TALKATIVE GIRL*). Get some rare rum names for these bits of music, Miss, don’t they? Cavalleria Ruste— (*Telegraphically*). Foreign piece apparently.

[*Offers programme politely.*]

TALKATIVE GIRL. *Fun-ey!* Why, I do believe that’s the very thing my eldest sister plays. She’s awfully clever, you know.

AMABLE YOUTH (*who doesn’t know*). I dessay.

TALKATIVE GIRL. Oh, really, there’s nothing specially she can’t play. You’ve only to say “Ere, Alice!” and plump down a piece of music in front of her, and, my word! she’ll—she’ll—

AMABLE YOUTH. Play it?

TALKATIVE GIRL (*showering aesthetically*). Oh, play it like anything! She’s a masterpiece, that’s what she is. Sometimes I say to her, I say, “Alice, I wish I was clever, like you,” and she’ll say, “Ah, Mary Ann, but you’ve got the looks!”

AMABLE YOUTH (*reminiscently*). A uncle of mine used to keep a music-shop once, and—

TALKATIVE GIRL. O, how odd! I had a uncle that used to keep a shop, jest off Lisson Grove it was, and father used to say—father’s very fond of his joke—he used to say that the shop kept him. (*Giggles.*)

AMABLE YOUTH *laughs, and says approvingly* “it’s not so dusty.” Oh, but that’s father all over, bless you. When he’s in the mood for it, I’ve seen father keep a ‘ole roomful all, as you may say, all on the go. Joke after joke. ‘Course, when he’s got the hump he’s different.

AMABLE YOUTH. I sor rather a good thing in one of the papers the other day. Chap meets another chap on a ‘bus, and he says, “Ulllo,” he says, “what the—”

TALKATIVE GIRL (*interrupting*). ‘Buses are very cheap nowadays, aren’t they? I say they’re too cheap. Why, the money can’t pay even for the poor ‘orses.

AMABLE YOUTH (*slightly annoyed at interruption*). Oh, I don’t know. You can pick up ‘orses cheap enough if you only know the night plice to go to.

TALKATIVE GIRL. Well, I had a aunt once—

[*Band sets firmly its silk hats and recommences. Joyful larrikins in circulating crowd dance on people’s toes.*]

BELGRAVIAN DOMESTIC (*to PLEBEIAN LADY FRIEND*). Oh! it were a good place enough, Emma, and, as I say, she ought to have kept it. Footman and butler, and ‘er evening off and what not, and she must needs go and take up with this—this person and marry him.

PLEBEIAN FRIEND. Gets spliced?

BELGRAVIAN DOMESTIC (*definitely*). Married him. And to think that if she had only stayed on she might have been upper-housemaid by this time. As I said to Miss Dorothy, it were a perfect waste of time to reason with the girl. She’d treat you in what I call a most cavaleer manner if you ‘tempted to say the least word against him.

PLEBEIAN FRIEND. Might as well sive your puff. (*BELGRAVIAN DOMESTIC shudders and draws her chair away slightly.*) What I meanter-say is (*apologetically*), you might as well ‘old your jor.

BELGRAVIAN DOMESTIC (*coldly*). The way I put it, Emma, to Miss Dorothy was that it was useless to remonstrate. Why (*relenting*) often and often I’ve said to her, “Rose”—her name was Rose—“why don’t you look ‘igher?” But it were no earthly use talking. As I said to Cook, “Cook,” I said, “we must drop her acquaintance naow.”

PLEBEIAN FRIEND. Give her the chuck?

[*BELGRAVIAN DOMESTIC gasps, and fans herself with programme. Circulating crowd becomes in places slightly turbulent.*]

JOYFUL LARRIKINS. ‘Ere, I sy. Let’s ‘ave a gime of shovin’ one another about.

‘It ‘im on the boko.

Where’s Ader gone to? I’ve got her blanky ‘at.

Nah then, altogether—Caw-pur!

PARK-KEEPER IN SCARLET WAISTCOAT (*taking two ears of two boys*). Yes, I’ll copper you. Clear out, d’year? Move yourself!

[*They move themselves.*]

ENTHUSIASTIC MAMMA. It’s so very pleasant to see the masses enjoying themselves, Ermyntrede. Depend upon it that the true source of England’s peace and prosperity is to be found not—Are you listening, my love?

ERMYNTRUDE (*long straight hair, long straight body, long straight shoes*). Yes, mamma.

ENTHUSIASTIC MAMMA. I was saying—Oh, do be careful, my boy!—saying that if we could only be a little more advanced in our efforts to make the teeming millions happy with this sort of thing, listening—Do mind where you’re coming, young man!—to sacred music and—I suppose (*with sudden fear*), I suppose it is sacred music, my love?

ERMYNTRUDE. No, mamma.

ENTHUSIASTIC MAMMA (*shocked*). Oh, what a painful thing!—Look here, my lad, if you run up against me again I shall have you severely punished. They shored you? Who shored you? You’re a very naughty little—

SCARLET WAISTCOAT (*respectfully*). Now then, Ma’am, must trouble you, please; you’re blocking up the way.

ENTHUSIASTIC MAMMA (*with much indignation*). Ermyntrede, come away at once!

ERMYNTRUDE. Yes, Mamma.

[*They go. Band prepares for last item—a gallop.*]

STOUT LADY (*to husband*). And ‘er jest at the back of the Edg’are Road, with nine of ‘em, and the youngest a mere biby. Ah, and they are a bitter ‘andful, too. She’s so different to what she was thirty years ago. Only a week or two since Sarer and ‘er went to the ‘Delphi, and Sarer declared that the poor woman didn’t cheer up one single bit the ‘ole of the evening. And they ‘ad a tidy drop to drink, too. So low-spirited, you know—and, oh! isn’t that a lovely bit they’re playing of now? (*Rolls head to rhythm of music, and hums.*) I’ve ‘eard that somewhere before, I know.

HUSBAND (*crossly*). Well, wot if you ‘are? You’ve no call to go ‘umming of it now.

[*Wild gallop finishes. Band rises, and plays National Anthem.*]

AMABLE YOUTH (*interrupting TALKATIVE GIRL*). Which way did you say you was a-going, Miss, may I ask?

TALKATIVE GIRL. Oh, I go this way. (*Waves parasol vaguely.*)

AMABLE YOUTH. May I kindly accompany you as far as the gates?

TALKATIVE DAMSEL (*drawing diagrams on gravel with end of parasol, and looking down modestly at her brown shoes*). Reely, I don’t know what to say—people do talk so.

AMABLE YOUTH (*with commendable diffidence*). Let ‘em talk!

TALKATIVE DAMSEL (*rising*). I remember so well once that one of my cousins—and she was what you may call an attractive girl, too—she went to a dance, and— (*They go.*)

[*Band smooths its silk hats with arm-sleeves and dapples. Everyone else goes.*]

SOCIAL DEMOCRAT (*shrinking to moving crowd*). Wot I want to askk you, comidies, to-night is simplee to consider with me whether you’re going to be tromped on like slaves by the boujoux of this so-called England of ours, or whether you’ll make up your minds once for all to assert yourselves, and—

DEPARTING LARRIKINS (*in tones of fatherly reproach*). ‘Old your silly rah. [*SOCIAL DEMOCRAT holds his silly now. End all.*]

W. R. R.



"THAT'S RATHER NICE!"

FORTIFYING HERSELF.

The day had been named, and now the happy pair were talking over the arrangements for their married life.

"Clarence, dear," she said.

"Yes, love."

"From my reading, I have imbibed the idea that young husbands are prone to criticise their wives' cookery, and to make invidious comparisons between that and the cooking they were accustomed to at home."

"Oh, I think that's all a joke, my own."

"I'm afraid not, Clarence. Besides, I am free to admit that I don't know much about cooking."

"Oh, you'll learn. Never fear."

"Now, I know your mother is a good cook."

"That is true."

"So is mine."

"She is."

"When you have dined with us, Clarence, you have sometimes praised mother's cooking, and occasionally intimated that it was better than your own mother was capable of in some particular lines."

"Yes; her pastry, for instance."

"Exactly. Well, Clarence, my point is this: to prevent any disappointment on your part about the cooking in our happy little *ménage*, I have decided that mother shall make her home with us, and superintend the culinary arrangements. Don't you think that is a good idea?"

And Clarence replied feebly that he thought it was. Then he went home earlier than usual to think it over.

E. P. N.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY AFTERNOON (MATINEES ONLY) at 1.30. Mr. Oscar Barrett's Fairy Pantomime, SANTA CLAUS, written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 till 5. Seats can be secured by letter or telegram.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETS.—At 7.45 LA FROLIQUE, and at 10.40 ON BRIGHTON PIER. Great Success. Grand Variety Entertainment, and an entirely new series of Living Pictures. Doors open at 7.30.

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THE

English Illustrated Magazine.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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A VISIT TO THE PARIS MORGUE.

"The Morgue is quite one of the Paris institutions," the courteous Director of that strange establishment remarked to me, as we stood at the door of his office and watched the ever-moving crowd in the public part of the building, inspecting the half-dozen corpses laid out there for identification. "They are, for the most part, simply loungers attracted by curiosity, and you would be astonished how many well-dressed people, French, as well as foreigners, find their way here to see the bodies. But we make no attempt to gratify this morbid curiosity, and they get no further than this hall, nor see anything more than what is behind that glass."

We stepped forward into the crowd, which numbered some twenty or thirty people, chiefly of the working classes, and peered with them through the great glass screen, which was but dimly transparent, owing to the mist produced within by the artificial cold necessary to arrest decomposition. The corpses were propped up on kind of invalid couches made of iron. The clothes in which they had been brought were laid out upon them, to assist in identification, and the heads were fixed forward by means of an apparatus not unlike that in vogue among photographers. The sight was certainly not more ghastly than the Chamber of Horrors at a waxwork show, and it was difficult entirely to realise that the corpses before us were indeed the real article. The crowd bore out the impression of unreality by the jocose nature of its comments and the tone of levity which prevailed. Notices were painted, four times over, in large letters on the walls, to say that anyone recognising a body, and desiring to give information on the subject, might do so at the office of the registrar without the payment of any fee.

The Director led the way behind the scenes—a privilege which he is only allowed to confer by special authority from his superiors. I was shown a cobbled court-yard, with a big gate at the extreme end, all very innocent-looking, and such as might have done duty for an average brewery or tannery. Through that gate the corpses are brought at all hours of the day and night, on a rough average to the extent of three *per diem*. Two men in blue blouses take it in turns to be there to receive them. On arrival the corpses are taken to a central hall and washed. This hall is paved with brick, and the floor of it converges to a sink in the centre, where a few traces of sawdust still linger. In the air is a faint, a very faint, odour of disinfectants.

The inside wall, which separates the hall from the refrigerated room into which the public is allowed to peer, is painted in slate-coloured squares, labelled with the letters of the alphabet. The Director pointed to a square marked "K," level with the ground, and a bloused attendant pulled out a long drawer, containing the body of a robust man of thirty or thirty-five. He looked grim and almost handsome, but his body was two or three shades darker than life. The attendant tapped the chest of the corpse with a little mallet he had used in opening the latch of the drawer. It sounded exactly like wood.

"You see how hard the freezing process renders the bodies," the Director remarked. "Tap it with your walking-stick, and you will see for yourself. There is not much fear of decomposition when they are kept as hard as that, is there?"

"I suppose bodies are sometimes brought to you in an advanced state of decomposition?"

"Yes, especially in the spring, when they have come up to the surface of the Seine after some months' immersion. Of course, we can't restore the decomposed parts, but we can prevent any further decomposition taking place. Once a body is put into our freezing-room, it can be kept in the same state for a practically unlimited time."

"And what is the longest time that you have kept bodies here?"

"I suppose, six weeks or two months. We keep them as short a time as possible. The only object of having them here is to get them identified. As soon as that is accomplished, they are given to the families for burial. When a corpse is not identified, we only keep it as long as there remains a reasonable prospect of identification."

We then entered the refrigerating-room, tucking up the collars of our coats to resist its Siberian climate. On nearer approach, the corpses laid out looked scarcely more real, but recalled badly coloured wax-works. As the Director pointed out, the atmosphere was perfectly pure. But apart from the bitter cold, there was small temptation to linger long. There were stacks of coffins all along the walls, and only a very small amount of imagination was required to picture quite enough of the horrors they contained. On coming out, the chill November afternoon struck quite warm upon us.

After this there was little else of interest to see, unless it were the empty dog-kennels hard by. They were of the shape of diminutive stables, and struck me as exceedingly uncomfortable for any self-respecting dog.

"What makes you keep dogs here?" I asked, having visions of the St. Bernards sent out to look for corpses on the banks of the Seine.

"Alas! we have none just now," said the Director regretfully. "But we shall be having some in again before long, as the classes begin again next week. The dogs, of course, are for vivisection."

Before I left, the Director placed some statistics at my disposal. It appears that by far the majority of corpses brought to the Morgue are from drowning; that men, and especially unmarried men, commit suicide far more frequently than women; and that the busiest time there is the spring. The arrangements certainly seem to be conducted with all possible regard to cleanliness and order, the staff is well organised, and the Director superlatively courteous to those provided with the necessary permission to visit his establishment.

"GUY DOMVILLE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



LIEUT. ROUND, R.N. (MR. H. V. ESMOND), AND GUY DOMVILLE (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER).

LIEUT. ROUND: "To the health of Mrs. Domville!"

The play is remarkable for several points. Much was expected of it, coming, as it did, from the hands of such a delicate literary craftsman as Mr. Henry James; while the rowdy reception accorded to it has taken most playgoers by surprise. Mr. James is allowed by everybody, competent to judge the play, to have written an exceedingly clever first act. But that did not satisfy the "gods." They had got much stronger work in "Guy Domville's" immediate predecessors—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Masqueraders"—and they were probably not in the mood for even a good play of the style of "Guy Domville." In any case, the promise of the first act was not sustained in the other acts. The story has been going the rounds that the opposition was the result of an organised attack on the manager of the St. James's. Mr. Alexander is so popular that it is difficult to believe that this is the case. It is far more likely that the "gods" were honestly and sincerely convinced that Mr. James had failed to write a good play, less able and less prepared as they are than the more advanced critics who have been intensely interested in all that is good and all that gives promise of better things from the pen of the American novelist. Everybody is agreed, however, that the acting is excellent, and that the dressing of the play is a delight to the artistic eye. Mr. Alexander took too despondent a view of the case in his first-night speech when he talked of the "discordant note" that had been sounded by the audience, for subsequent audiences have not followed suit on the brutal outspokenness of the first-nighters.

Guy Domville	MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Lord Devenish	MR. ELLIOTT.
Frank Humber	MR. HERBERT WARING.
George Round (Lieutenant, R.N.)	MR. H. V. ESMOND.
Mrs. Peverel	MISS MARION TERRY.
Mrs. Domville	MRS. EDWARD SAKER.
Mary Brasier	MISS EVELYN MILLARD.
Fanny	MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Period 1780.

Act I. The Garden at Porches.

Act II. Mrs. Domville's Residence at Richmond.

Act III. An Interior at Porches.



FRANK HUMBER (MR. HERBERT WARING), MRS. PEVEREL (MISS MARION TERRY), GUY DOMVILLE, AND LORD DEVENISH (MR. ELLIOTT).

GUY DOMVILLE: "It's I who shall go!"

"GUY DOMVILLE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



LORD DEVENISH AND MRS. DOMVILLE (MRS. EDWARD SAKER).

MRS. DOMVILLE: "*He's as much a Domville as ever.*"



LIEUT. ROUND AND MARY BRASIER (MISS EVELYN MILLARD).

LIEUT. ROUND: "*By the blessing of heaven we're alone an instant, and all my life is yours.*"



FRANK HUBBER AND MRS. PEVEREL.

FRANK HUBBER: "*What, when, did your better man?*"



FANNY (MISS IRENE VANBRUGH) AND MRS. PEVEREL.

MRS. PEVEREL: "*Meet him! stop him! Send him away!*"



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS GUY DOMVILLE, AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

PRESSED FOR TIME.

"You are married, I think, Mr. Tempest?" said the Head of the Department, beaming blandly on the First Attaché in embryo as he looked up, before signing the appointment papers.

"Excuse me," said Charley Tempest, smiling back hopefully; "I am not yet—"

"Oh!"—the Head waved his goosequill in thin air and seemed reflective. "I had quite thought—hum—quite had the impression—very singular indeed!"

"Yes; it's singular," assented Charley as innocently as he dared. (What had the chief got hold of?)

"As a matter of fact," continued the Head, "this post may be said to require a married man; so in considering your claims and service I had—eh?"—and the Head raised his eyes to the ceiling.

Tempest had horrid visions of the coveted post being disposed of to a married advantage elsewhere, and made up his mind to act.

"That need not stand in the way," he said, struggling hard against a feverish demeanour. "For, as—as a matter of fact, I'm—engaged."

"Come, come; that's better!" with renewed affability. "Well, Mr. Tempest, settle the matter as quickly as your inclinations"—with a slight smile—"doubtless suggest. And I think we may then consider everything else as arranged. Good-day. Not at all—not at all! Good-day."

"Whew!" Tempest raised his hat to cool a deservedly fevered brow when the official portals closed behind him. A hansom flashed past. There was a bow, a smile of bright recognition, a start on his side, and the *chic* little bonnet went by. He put on his hat, still rather distraught, and turned into Queen Anne's Gate. "Now who in the name of Euclid was that girl? I've met her somewhere, and—" He stopped and looked down into the bottomless lake of St. James's Park. A duck waddling briskly under the bridge was struck with the possibility of a bun. It slowed progress, and quacked up at Tempest interrogatively. Unconsciously kind, he threw it a penny, and walked on. The bird felt outraged, but he never knew. "Engaged, and to whom? Well, of all the confounded situations! A month to do it in, too."

"Taken to talking to yourself, old boy? That's bad," and a stick touched him familiarly on the elbow. "Is it love or liberty this time, eh?"

Tempest found himself outside White's. "Oh, it's you, Doncaster. Coming my way? No, I can't go in. Got to order my kit for N—. I'm off next month."

"You don't say so? Congratulations, old man. It's a nice snug thing. But don't they always give it by preference to the married fellows?"

"Well, of course; but I'm engaged, you see."

"Ha! sly dog. What a twilight you've wrapped the whole thing in. Do I know the lady?"

Charley thinks it possible, but remembers that he has promised to lunch.

"Poor old Tempest!" chaffed the other; "and you used to have a punctilious memory for meals. This looks cardiac, very. Going to the Pomfrets to-night? They've got those Americans staying, that we all knew at Biarritz last year. You remember?"

Remember! Why, of course! That was where he had met the girl of the hansom, after all. Little Dolly Drummond, with whom he had frivelled so often. "Oh! staying with the Pomfrets, was she?"

Tempest stepped into a hansom and drove home, turned over a dozen invitations, and found Lady Pomfret's among them. That was all right. He would go. . . . The rooms were crammed with sultry, suffering society that evening, but Tempest presently annexed his hostess.

"Oh, Mr. Tempest, what a late person! You don't deserve it, but perhaps Miss Drummond will give you this extra. You have met before, have you not?"

"You looked as if you had seen a ghost when I drove by this morning," she remarked demurely.

"Or an angel," corrected Tempest. "That glimpse I got of you going by filled me with despair and determination."

"Indeed! You have enlarged even on your Biarritz vocabulary. I notice. But why both?"

"Well, one was that I might not meet you again, and the other that I must."

"I blush!—but, meanwhile, am rather hungry. Are you shocked at a feminine appetite?"

"Infinitely. Let me take you down to supper and appease it."

Between such aids to sentimental digression as ice-*padding* and distant waltz music, Tempest led mournfully up to his approaching exile. "When I go," he said, "I shall at least leave the best part of myself behind."

"Oh! Baggage restricted?" asked the practical Philadelphian.

"Now you are cruelly flippant," he said; "and I was hoping, for old times' sake, that you might have been persuaded to pity me."

"It was a good time," she said, with a reflective air.

"Not so good but that it might be improved upon."

"I don't see how. So many of the pleasant people are—"

"Oh! Not as a chorus, perhaps. But what about a duet?"

"I am not musical," she asserted; "and they take so long to learn."

"I have an unemployed month," he told her, "and would hope for nothing happier than teaching you. May I begin to-morrow—eh, sweet Dorothy?"

"I think it might be arranged," she said, pulling her hand away.

"And now, will you take me upstairs, please?"

M. B. C.

THE NEW "VANITY FAIR" ALBUM.

In addition to giving us the weekly pleasure of surveying its clever contents, artistic and literary, *Vanity Fair* publishes a handsome album, in which are all the cartoons of the year, and letterpress relating thereto. It is the twenty-sixth volume, and assuredly shows how wisely selected the subjects are, for they cover the whole field of society. There are Royal personages "At Cowes," and the Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch at lawn-tennis; Mr. Edward Blake, of Canada and Longford County—a most lifelike picture by "Spy"; Mr. George Alexander, a little too sunburnt for one who lives so strenuously; Mr. H. B. Cotton and Mr. Fogg-Elliot, both famous on the river; Mr. Cust, M.P., tearing his hair as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Mr. Rudyard Kipling,



"THE GRAPHICS."

Reproduced from "*Vanity Fair*."

who seems to be in the very act of telling "A Plain Tale from the Hills," and ever so many interesting figures in the society panorama. Mr. Leslie Ward is responsible for most of the pictures, and is always happy, usually successful. One of his best portraits is Mr. W. L. Thomas, the founder of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, which we reproduce. The piquant biographies by "Jehu Junior" are most entertaining. Thus, of Mr. Cotton he says, "He is a rather retiring, yet quite independent, amiable boy, who can say nasty things when he likes with effect; and he is strong in his antipathies. He is reading law for his Final School, and he reads it hard at odd times." Two or three distinguished Frenchmen are portrayed by "Guth." One of the genuinely humorous pictures is that of Sir B. W. Foster, M.P. "Lib," who is seldom seen in *Vanity Fair*, contributes a sketch of the Earl of Sefton. If I mistake not, the clever portrait of Sir Robert Hart is Mr. Julius M. Price's first effort for *Vanity Fair*, and it is so good that I hope it will not be his last. The book is of lasting value, and makes a genial companion. It is well printed and bound, and would adorn any drawing-room or club table.

A curious incident happened on New Year's evening at Messrs. Fitton and Sons' Hovis Flour Mill, Macclesfield. Messrs. Fitton and Sons' mill is connected with the Corporation Fire Brigade by a private wire, which communicates with a bell. A few minutes before six a heavy flash of lightning occurred, and the electric fluid set the bell afore-said ringing. Accordingly the steamer was got out immediately, and went with all haste to the scene of the supposed conflagration, to find that it was a false alarm, solely attributable to the lightning.

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So Cissie Loftus has quarrelled with the Daly Company, or the head thereof. So say the reports in the daily papers, and I am able to add a piece of news to the published facts. It is that divers large London halls are competing for the presence of the fair Mrs. McCarthy, and that high sums are being offered for her services. Certainly, some of our managers never allow the grass to grow under their feet. May the best house get her! There are still greater surprises in store for the public at certain places of entertainment, and but that I am forbid; I would write all about them. I hope in the course of a week or so to have the fearful oaths of secrecy annulled, and to give *Sketch* readers first-hand information on matters of some interest.

The capture of a monster whale in False Bay, Cape of Good Hope, has excited much interest at the Cape. The monster was a cow whale, and when sighted had a young two-year-old calf asleep on her back. Boats started in pursuit, and the whale, when harpooned, made a gallant

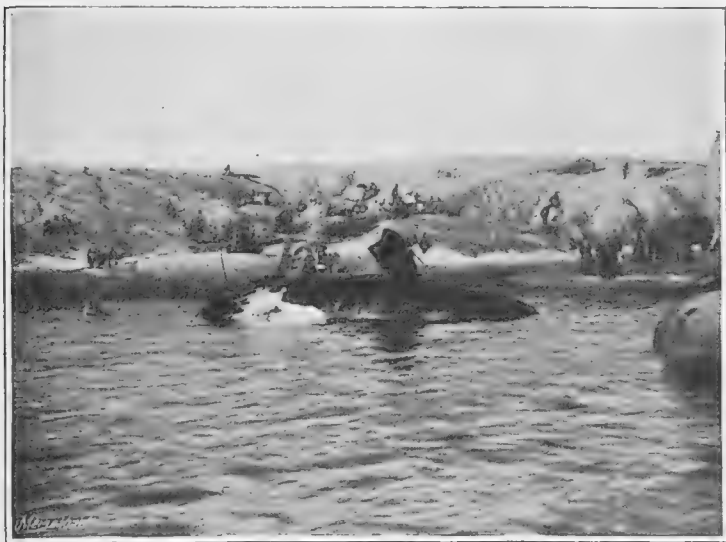


Photo by A. W. Piper, Cape Town.

defence. Lashing her tail, she sent the spray all over the boat, drenching those in it to the skin, and very nearly tossing the boat out of the water. Fortunately, the occupants were able to elude the swish of the tail, and, after an exciting hour and a half, succeeded in killing her. The calf escaped, and made for the open sea. The whale was fully eighty feet in length, and worth over one thousand pounds.

Of the many exciting incidents which fall to be recorded in connection with the recent hurricane which swept over our coasts, perhaps few were more thrilling than the gallant lifeboat rescue at Troon, on the Firth of Clyde, on Dec. 29; and it is the more interesting as the crew of the lifeboat, with only two exceptions, was composed of the members of one family. On the morning of Saturday, Dec. 29, the Norwegian ship Frey went ashore on the Lady Isle while the gale was at its height, and efforts were made to get the Troon lifeboat out to her, but, as the gale was blowing dead inshore, this was found impossible. Word was then sent to the Irvine lifeboat, five miles away; and one hour from the time the wire was received the Irvine boat was alongside the wreck, and the crew of seventeen men was got on board by means of a life-line. The lifeboat then started for shore with her company of thirty people, and all went well till about three hundred yards from the shore; when a succession of tremendous seas struck the boat, and threw her over, tilting her occupants into the water. When she had righted, and her crew had scrambled back, it was found that one of the Norwegians had gone down. The boat was then run ashore on the Troon South Beach, where the entire crew were taken in hand by the townspeople, and received every attention. As we have said, the Irvine lifeboat is in the unique position of being manned almost entirely by the members of one family, of which the following is a list: David Sinclair, sen., coxswain, seventy-one years of age, the oldest man in the lifeboat service, has had fifty-five years actual service; his four sons, Duncan, Peter, Alexander, and David; his two brothers, Peter and Duncan, with a son each; Mungo Bickers and John Bickers are nephews of the coxswain. Only two of the crew are not blood relations, they are Alexander Blair and William Lowrie.

Last week I enjoyed (?) a novel experience. The New Year's sales at the great linen-draperly establishments of the Metropolis set in with their usual fury, and I allowed myself to be persuaded to accompany a lady friend to a well-known establishment not a hundred miles from Oxford Circus. Till that moment, I had no notion how well-dressed ladies of established social position could fight over cheapened finery. Talk of the struggle for a 'bus on a wet afternoon at

the said Circus, talk of the efforts to gain the front row of the pit when Henry Irving produces a new play at the Lyceum! These are as nothing to the struggle for remnants of lace and odd yards of brocade and satin that annually takes place among ladies in society. When "our girls" take to football, I shall expect to see scrimmages of the same sort. How the fair ones waited for vacant chairs, how they threw themselves on coveted articles and dragged them from under one another!

When I saw two ladies, each holding the sleeve of what I am credibly informed was a "Chiffon blouse," I prayed for a modern Solomon to come to judgment. And yet I was told that all I beheld was nothing to what sometimes took place on these long-anticipated occasions. At a world-famous emporium in Westbourne Grove, I was informed that shipwrecked females had, ere now, been dragged from a sea of struggling humanity and tumbled goods on to the very counter itself by the strong hands of humane shop-walkers, standing, at length, above the tumult, like distressed mariners on some half-sunken rock. I only regret that a sight of such a climax was denied me.

"Ancient Scots Ballads," with the traditional airs to which they were wont to be sung, edited by George Eyre-Todd, and with harmonies for the pianoforte by Emile Berger, has been published by Messrs. Bayley and Ferguson, music publishers, London and Glasgow. In the enthusiasm for Scottish song, it has almost been forgotten that Scottish narrative ballads were originally meant for singing, and as a consequence the airs of these ballads, when not adapted to modern songs, have for long been on the way to oblivion. The present volume contains forty-seven of these old ballads, the airs restored from tradition and the older song collections throughout which they are scattered, and the whole conveniently arranged for modern drawing-room purposes. Music is supplied for each verse that is intended to be sung; a short introduction embodying all that is of interest is prefixed to each ballad; and in most cases, where too long for singing throughout, a *résumé* of the entire ballad is added on a separate page. Among the contents are "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," "The Gaberlunzieman," "The Wife o' Usher's Well," "Sir Patrick Spens," and "Tamlane." The collection is engraved in square music size.

The *Westminster Budget* has, with the New Year, halved its price and doubled its popular interest. While it retains the extremely clever work of Mr. F. C. Gould, it cannot fail to amuse politicians, from Mr. Chamberlain downwards. "F. C. G." also writes on "Quaint Pets." There is an entertaining "Short Sharp Chat" with Yvette Guilbert. Literature is not neglected in the *Budget*; for there are illustrated articles dealing with Christina Rossetti and R. L. Stevenson. For threepence it is impossible to get a better weekly paper than the *Westminster Budget*.

I heard the other day an amusing tale of a certain well-known English nobleman, who had imported two emus with the hope of breeding from them, and on leaving his estate for town left also strict injunctions that the greatest care should be taken of the lady emu if she produced the desired egg or eggs. The egg arrived in due course, but, as artists have found before now, the lady declined to "sit." The steward, however, was an ingenious man, and thought of a substitute; but his powers of composition were by no means on a par with his inventiveness, and he announced the interesting event to his master in the following terms—

The emu has laid an egg; but we were in a great difficulty, as she would not sit on it. I did what I thought was best, and in your Lordship's absence I have placed the egg under the biggest goose on the estate.



Photo by J. and W. Hamilton, Glasgow.

THE CREW OF THE IRVINE LIFEBOAT.

The elephant is no more wonderful than his biographers usually make him. It was to his lordly self that a railway accident was due on the Perak State Railway in September. The last train for the day was about three miles distant from its destination (Teluk Anson), and was running at about twenty miles an hour, when the fireman noticed something on the line. He called to the driver, who immediately shut off



A RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN PERAK.

steam. Too late, however, for the train collided violently with a huge object, which proved to be a wild elephant that had strayed on to and was crossing the line at the time. The elephant had one of its legs broken, and half cut off; a part of the trunk was also cut off. The monster itself was thrown down the bank, where it soon died from loss of blood. The engine was also derailed. And all on account of an elephant!

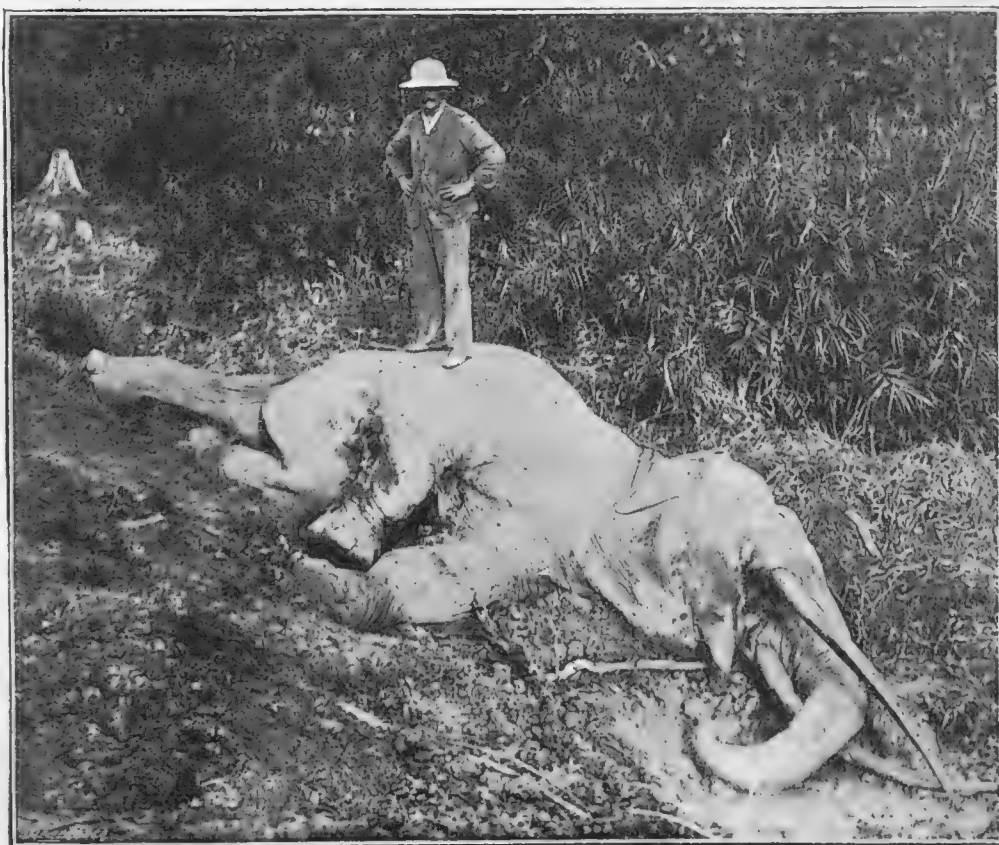
Skill upon the ice has made great strides—perhaps slides would be a better word—since the days when skating was almost a new thing in England. Evelyn records with considerable astonishment that on Dec. 1, 1662—what a very early winter!—"divers gentlemen performed before their Majesties on the New Canal in St. James' Park with *scheets* after the manner of the Hollanders." Probably these gentlemen did not indulge in any very complicated movements, being chiefly content with "speed a-head." Nowadays, with clubs and examinations and handbooks, he is counted but a poor hand who cannot execute many strange twists and turns. Yet these are but as the freehand training necessary for the growth of a draughtsman or painter. Beyond lies a land into which few arrive. Perhaps, indeed, never even by the more successful has such a pitch of artistic—in the most technical sense of the word—perfection been reached as by a sometime President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, to wit. He was the successor in his exalted post of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was elected in 1792. On subsequently retiring, he was again elected in 1805 all but unanimously. Only one vote was not given to him, and that fell to the lot of a certain Mrs. Lloyd. Fuseli, when accused of giving this vote, replied with a witticism which represents not inaccurately posterity's opinion of West's ability as a painter: "Well, suppose I did; she is qualified, and is not one old woman as good as another?" Yet, whatever his shortcomings on canvas, West was a remarkable performer on the ice. It is authentically recorded that up to a very considerable age—he died in 1820—he could cut a portrait of himself on the ice, and could even reproduce any given specimen of ancient sculpture in the same medium. In these latter days, winters are too short to give many people a fair opportunity of attaining even to the conventional "eight" or "three."

Some months ago I mentioned in these columns the admirable charity for the blind that was founded by the late Mr. Day, of the well-known London

firm of Day and Martin. I regret now to have to record the death of Mr. Edmund C. Johnson, who for many years has actively assisted in the conduct of this institution. Day's Charity was by no means the only institution founded for the benefit of the sightless in which Mr. Johnson took a lively interest. He was Vice-President and Chairman of the Corporation of the School for the Indigent Blind, and was an admitted authority on the subject to which he had devoted himself for a lengthened period. Mr. Johnson's interest in those afflicted with a loss of sight dates back to the time when, as a young doctor, he abandoned his profession to become the companion of the late Lord Cranbourne, the eldest brother of the Marquis of Salisbury, who, it may be remembered, was himself afflicted with blindness. Mr. Johnson accompanied the young nobleman on a Continental tour through Europe, visiting the various schools for the blind, even in distant Russia, a considerable undertaking in those days, when railways were hardly established in the land of the Czars. The respect of the Cecil family for the late Mr. Johnson was evinced by the presence of the Marquis of Salisbury and his brother, Lord Eustace Cecil, at the funeral service in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, which took place last week prior to the interment at Norwood.

The other day I remarked how nearly in the matter of descriptive letterpress the sale catalogues of postage-stamps approached those of the great art sales in King Street. Now they have gone a step nearer in their imitation. Last week there was an important sale of British, foreign, and colonial stamps in the City, and this was illustrated by photographs of the most valuable specimens, and very admirable reproductions they were. The eager philatelist was able not only to read a most ample description of the coveted treasures, such as the errors of three-cornered Cape stamps, the Sydney views of New South Wales, the octagon Ceylons, and of the rare English, the official black V.R. penny, and the "hair-lined" ninepenny, but to see excellent pictures of the same. Some of these "mouldy old bits of paper," as I have heard them described by unbelievers, had reserve prices that ranged as high as £40. The Duke of York's interest in stamps will eventually result in the formation of a finer collection than even that belonging to his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. Philbrick, Q.C., is another connoisseur in this pleasant diversion.

Talking of sales, I am sorry to record the death of Mr. John S. Storr, at Brighton, the proprietor of Debenham and Storr's well-known rooms in Covent Garden, who took an active interest in politics, and who for many years was a familiar figure in Kensington, where he had a most charming house in The Terrace, a row of old houses on the south side of the High Street, not long ago pulled down to give place to fine modern shops.



THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

"Is there such a thing as Love?" asked Miranda.

Overhead the larks sang; about her the blackbirds carolled; finch called to finch in the hedgerows. Wrinkled with her thoughts, Miranda walked down the slope into the field of young green corn, and, pausing on the verge of the wheat, looked across the valley.

"Is there such a thing as Love?" she asked.

She shaded her eyes to the East. The morning still lay like a golden shroud upon the horizon, and through that veil she could not pierce. She wondered what reached beyond that remote, mysterious brightness. If the sun would but disperse those aureoles of the East, she would, perhaps, see clearly what she guessed at vaguely. The valley was her own, informed and animated by her own fancy, free to her wandering feet, charged full of sweet beatitudes, smiling with flowers, and lovely with the serene possession of life and happiness. But Miranda had, somehow, a dim sense of confinement within those golden mists. Her life was beautiful and fortunate, but the walls of the world came so close upon her. She wanted the key of the wicket to pass out upon the mountains. Was there nothing beyond the birds and the flowers and the waving fields of wheat? Something troubled Miranda!

There was none to guide her. What passed beyond the mists and what fell across the mountains? She was sure she should know some day, but she wanted to know now. So many mysteries flitted through Miranda's mind.

"If there is no Love," said Miranda, "what is ringing at my heart? Is it Love, is it Death, or is it merely the desire and delight of life? Oh, for an interpreter!" she sighed.

In the little pathway through the corn a bird lay dead. Miranda stooped and smoothed its ruffled feathers.

"Is it Pity?" she asked.

"Perhaps it is Pity," she said.

She could not dis sever her emotions; they ran together in confusion. The one faded into the other. How fast the blood fled through Miranda's body! How full was Miranda's soul!

"He must be very tender," thought Miranda, stroking the poor dead creature. "He must be very kind and true. How shall I know him? What does it mean?"

The wind sang through the wheat, and seemed to bear snatches from over the mountains to her ears. They stirred her strangely. She threw her arms up in despair.

"Oh, I shall never love!" sighed Miranda, "for Love is all a figment."

"So young a maid, and yet so harsh a creed," said a voice behind her.

Miranda started, and hung her head for shame.

"If I have trespassed upon your thoughts," said the voice,

"it was through the inadvertence of an impulse. Forgive me, I should have passed and left you to your trouble."

"I am in no trouble," said Miranda, glancing shyly at the stranger.

"I was but wondering."

"The most of our life is wonder, and the rest regret," said he.

"Mine is all wonder, Sir," she answered.

He nodded his head kindly.

"Yes," he sighed. "The garden still encloses you. You are not yet upon the road. And the garden is full of flowers, and the road winds through hot and arid tracts to Death."

Miranda looked at him timidly, and he was watching the valley with a gentle smile. Hope danced through Miranda's heart. Was this, then, her interpreter, who would put a meaning upon her unknown wonders and solve the mysteries that beset her?

"Yet those in the garden may dream of the road," she said; "and I am perplexed with many things."

"This Love," he answered, smiling, "most of all."

Miranda blushed. "'Tis true," she murmured.

"Love, poor child," said the stranger, "is a tyrannous enemy, but a decent friend. It were better in chains than above an altar."

"Is it not good?" she asked in surprise.

He leaned upon the gate. "It is easily mistook," he said slowly. "Who am I to convince you? But my years in the world have taught me to regard it at the best as a very tender tie of friendship."

"But, oh!" says Miranda.

"Child," said he, "you will cry your heart out for it, and once it is gained will cry out your heart because of it. Believe me, Love is a steady flame, and neither leaps nor splutters."

"How may one tell it?" whispered Miranda.

"Shall one say by the voice?" he answered. "Shall one speak of the touch, or the look? Maybe, a little breathlessness will mark it."

"I have that now," says she.

"Well, well," he replied; "but 'tis of a long growth and very gentle."

"And may not one love at sight?" asked Miranda.

He laughed. "My child, 'twould be the veriest folly and bitterly repented. Never yet came true love but by slow years of wont. A face—a face is a shadow that passes. Eyes—eyes flicker and fade. Lips—lips are for food and laughter. The hair decays; the body dwindles and withers; the breasts fall; the comely limbs grow shrunken and hollow. If you would hold by these, my dear, you would put your trust in the flying hour."

Miranda's eyes opened large and wide. She stared at him. Her under lip quivered. She gave a little sob, and at the sound he turned to her. For the first time her face came full into the sunlight, and her eyes met his. He took her hand; she hid her face.

"Why, child——" said he.



"Is there such a thing as Love?" she asked.

"Is it so?" she whispered, "and is it really so? Will all this come to me?"

"He looked in her eyes again, and drew a sharp breath.

"Dear," he answered, "it is the way of mortal clay."

Miranda sighed.

"But, ah!" he cried, "surely the gods will spare such sweetness till the end."

He held her hand still. She wondered.

"And must one wait so long?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I believe," said he, fiercely, "that upon occasion Love may come at sight."

"Why," said she, opening her eyes in wonder, "a little ago it was the veriest folly!"

"Ah, dear," he answered, "forgive me. I was blind, and saw not. Philosophy and I rolled into the ditch." Miranda stared at him.

He smiled and sighed.

"But when it comes,"

said he, "it comes indeed. The skies open, the flowers blow sweetly, every shred of green corn is fragrant. Love, believe me, is a very comfortable possession."

"Is it not gentle?" asked Miranda.

"Ah, so gentle!"

he replied. "It wraps you round like a soft fur; it soothes you; you may sit and dine and sleep with easy thoughts if Love but guard you. Love is like a good wine, that mellows the heart and quickens the understanding."

He moved a little closer to her.

"Were one to love like this," said Miranda, "would the heart be then at rest? Would it throb less loudly in one's side? Would such a love fulfil the most exigent desires of human nature? What part would so smooth a sentiment fill in one's life?"

"Passion," he answered, "is the bubble that we blow in youth. It is the creature of our own imagination, fails with our pulse, and expires upon the indrawing of a breath. How many have I seen wrecked upon passion, incredulous that it would be gone with the fall of the sun or the waking of the birds! Love, child, is no passion, but the sweetest of contentments. Served in a daily fare, it will preserve Peace and Health and Wisdom. What would you have beyond these? For, behold! the greatest of all is Peace."

"Peace!" sighed Miranda.

He went towards her. "Ah, sweet," he murmured. "Peace should be our fortune should we go through life together. Come, place your hand in mine, and we will dispel these rebel wildings from your heart. Look round and see the spring. All things keep serene and quiet holiday. Pluck out distrust; forget these treacherous longings! A happy childhood shall surely preface a comfortable career of ease."

Miranda hesitated; her pretty brows were puckered with doubt. At his bidding she looked around. Nature smiled at her. The face of the world shone with gaiety. Somewhere in the clms a thrush sang of Love and mystery. She turned and gazed into the stranger's face, and his kindly eyes seemed dull and old. Spring and the sunshine and the song of birds lay not therein. She shook her head.

"I want not comfortable ease," she answered sadly; "I would not take it at so great a sacrifice. See, there are other things in Nature save peace. What of this dead bird, callow from the nest? Is it nought but peace I hear in yonder singing in the trees? Hark! what secrets is

the young corn breathing to itself? Nay, what is even this poor ignorant heart of mine faltering within me? All around I see witnesses to some greater glory than this ease of which you speak. The strokes of my pulse beat folly, you will say. Well, I will pursue their folly until wisdom comes. Do not let me from my own. I can but follow where myself am leader."

"Nay," he said; "follow rather where I lead—I who have years of wisdom. You are very sweet to me. Your eyes are soft and beautiful."

"Eyes flicker and fade," said Miranda with a smile.

"Your form is young and lissom."

"The body dwindles," quoth she, pouting.

"Your lips—" he began.

"Are for food and laughter," laughed Miranda. "I pray you will not hold by these, else will you put your trust in the flying hour."

"You mock me," said he sadly.

"Nay," she replied; "I give you back the echo of your own

philosophy. Is it not true? Yourself have seen it. They shrink, they wither, they fall, they decay—oh, it were wanton vanity to admire them! Sir, you have a very wise head, and will do well not to go back upon its counsels. Nay, you shall have your comfort, and you shall take it at the lips of any of a hundred maids. There is no choice for you. Why, no mysteries may trouble you. You have but a straight course to saunter by, without so much as blinking at the sun. Marry your maid then, and take your comfort in God's name. And in my mind's eye I shall see you lolling in your purple chair and sucking in the comfort of your admirable room, smoking your comfortable pipe, and directing comfortable glances at the flight of rooks outside your window. And beside you one, I shall see, to tender anticipations to your wants, plump and brown and gentle, the mother of your sturdy children and the custodian of your ease. Oh, you shall have a comfortable life, I do assure you."

"That," he said tenderly, "is how I would paint the picture for myself and—you. Come, think upon it. What better prospect than this home you have upheld to mockery? Indeed, what you have framed in derision shall surely come to be your heart's desire. Forego your yearnings; they are idle dreams. Why,

then, dream them at night if you will, so be you are complacently mine by day. I exact not much, but a warm affection and a tender friendship."

"Oh, we may be friends!" cried Miranda. "I will be a dozen friends to you a day. I love the friendliness of friends, as I love the light and warmth of the sun. I will dance with you, if you be not too staid; I will sing with you, if you have but the voice; I will read my books in tears with you, if you can weep. But then you shall march home to your comfortable wife, embrace her serenely, and, free from the distractions of your friend's emotions, serenely take comfort in her serene comfortableness."

"Ah!" he cried.

"But as for me," she went on, with an imperious gesture of her hand, "I like not comfort. I can buy a rushlight for a farthing, bread for a penny, and the whole world for sixpence. I would think shame to sell the mysteries of life for the petty possession of a bland prosperity."

Without a word, he turned on his heel and went his way, and Miranda, following him with her eyes, smiled to herself and her heart. She was flushed and beautiful; her bosom quickened with excitement, and to the door of her heart the hand came clutching, clutching at the latch.



"Love may come at sight."

OLD WHITECHAPEL AND ITS THEATRES.

The opening of a "New Pavilion Theatre" in Whitechapel, or Mile End Road, is a reminder that, for theatrical purposes, the "East End" was once a more or less fashionable suburb of the centre—the centre, of course, being in those monopolist days the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Sir William Davenant, whose patent and that of Killigrew's, granted by Charles II. is still held to be sufficient licence for Drury Lane and Covent Garden, either for drama, opera, horse-riding, or fancy balls, followed Alleyn's example at a much earlier period, and devoted some of his money earned from theatrical speculations to schools



THE EAST LONDON THEATRE IN 1826.

and almshouses, which were built in Whitechapel. The name of Whitechapel suggests slums and dilapidated tenements, but, as a matter of fact, the main thoroughfare is not only the finest in London, but, in the Mile End portion, is as fine as the Nevskoi Perspective in St. Petersburg. The pavement alone, on the north side, is as wide as the Strand in its widest parts, and on the unpaved part near the kerbstone an open-air market is held night and day, in which cheap furniture, books, and clothing are sold, as well as fruit, fish, and vegetables, and where some of the stall squatters have obtained legal rights over the ground by many years of undisputed possession. A large part of Whitechapel proper is used on certain days of the week as a public market for the sale of hay and straw, which come from the Eastern counties, and during the week for a meat market and a busy thoroughfare of general trade.

The houses are large and solid, having the aspect of a well-to-do country town, and what little bits of antiquity are left are chiefly represented by the eighteenth-century beetle-browed tavern where Dick Turpin shot his companion, Tom King, to prevent him turning King's evidence.

Whitechapel as a theatrical market dates from about the middle of the last century, when the neighbourhood of Welleclose Square was famous in dramatic annals. David Garrick gave this district its fashionable impetus when he appeared, for the first time in London, on Oct. 19, 1741, in a theatre in Goodman's Fields called the Royalty. David before this had given a taste of his quality, as a reciter only, in the big room of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, then in possession of Cave, the printer and publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the friend of Dr. Johnson.

The Royalty Theatre was the last of four houses that were built within the precincts and almost under the walls of the Tower of London. The wits of the day, of course, sharpened their pens on this building. One said, "The Great Playhouse" (Lincoln's Inn Fields) "has calved a young one." Another said, "This will be a great case to the ladies of Rag Fair," as Rosemary Lane was then called, its trade being the same—in old clothes—as that of "Petticoat Lane," which had not then started in opposition. The "Mumpers of Knockvargis" were congratulated on having the play brought to their doors, thus saving a long trudge on wooden legs, and the sailors were congratulated on having better entertainment for their "loose corns" than formerly. These theatres met with considerable opposition. The merchants, who then lived over their business premises in the fine old houses, some of which still exist near Trinity Square and Tower Street, thought these "local theatres" would corrupt their apprentices and breed a race of George Barnwells. The proprietors were hunted, but were equal to the huntsmen. When Rich moved from Portugal Street—the theatre, not the Insolvent Court—to Covent Garden, they moved to the deserted central theatre for two seasons with their company, and then returned to Goodman's Fields (not a mile and a half, as the crow flies) for another brief theatrical existence.

When Garrick, who had had some stage experience at Ipswich, first appeared at this "Royalty Theatre," he was practically playing in an unlicensed building. Both the play ("Richard the Third," then probably not altered by the actor) and the after-piece, "The Virgin Unmasked," were "performed gratis by persons for their own diversion" between two parts of "a concert of vocal and instrumental music," "the part of King Richard by a gentleman who never appeared on any stage." This was not quite true, but near enough for a play-bill. The "twin star" of Shakspeare, as the Westminster Abbey tombstone puts it, drew all "society"

to Goodman's Fields. The Patent Theatres were deserted, and a line of private coaches nightly connected Temple Bar with Whitechapel. The monopolists were naturally aroused. Partly by threats, partly by bribes, and more by giving Garrick a big salary, they secured "The Star of the East," as he was called, and Goodman's Fields was again left to its own resources. The Royalty Theatre—number three of the series—became a cotton and coffee warehouse, until it was burned down.

Number four of the series was another theatre, erected in Wells Street, Welleclose Square, and opened June 20, 1787. It was chiefly remarkable for two things—the first appearance, at the age of fourteen, of Master John Braham, the great singer, who had changed his name from Abraham, and as the cockpit in which the proprietors of the Patent Theatres fought for and maintained rights which were not finally extinguished for another half-century. The fight with the Royalty Theatre number four was forced on the monopolists, as it was the first serious attempt made to trespass on their privileges. The leader of the rebellion was an important seceding member of their company, a Mr. John Palmer, an eminent and versatile actor, who was able to influence other members of the two privileged theatres; but he found the law and the monopolists too much for him. Some of his converts deserted him, and went back to the Drury Lane fold. Illegal performances at that time meant imprisonment, and even hard labour, and the prisons of 1787 were not models of comfort. Bannister stuck to Palmer, and they opened the theatre with what we should now call a "variety show," the real Act-of-Parliament-created origin of our present music-hall entertainment. The opposition still continuing, both Palmer and Bannister were committed by Mr. Justice Staples, a local magistrate, as "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and Mr. Delpini, the clown, was also committed for crying out "Roast Beef!" in a pantomime. Opinions were then taken on the now somewhat mouldy Act which still governs the music-hall entertainments of the United Kingdom (25 Geo. II., Cap. 36), and one authority, Sir Vicary Gibbs, thought the Act covered the performance of operas. This was, of course, before the passing of the Stage Play Act (6 and 7 Vic., Cap. 68).

After Mr. Palmer's final defeat, the "reins of management," as they are called in the theatrical profession, were taken by Mr. W. Macready, the father of our great tragic actor; but he was not more successful, though not so bitterly opposed, and the theatre lingered on under various managements until it was burnt down in 1826.

The destruction of the East London encouraged the building of the old Pavilion Theatre in the Whitechapel Road, which was opened in 1827. It always had a good "stock" dramatic company playing pieces, chiefly adaptations from the Porte St. Martin, with really excellent actors like Charles Freer, Elphinstone, and Edward Edwards, and a low comedian named Burton, who became famous and rich after he went to America, and built Burton's Theatre on Broadway, in New York. His style, eccentricities, and pieces, like "The Toodles," have been brought back to us by Mr. J. S. Clarke. The sailor-made drama



THE PAVILION THEATRE.

found an appropriate home at the Old Pavilion, a vigorous actor, Mr. John Douglass, being a physical-force copy of T. P. Cooke, and a much cleverer hornpipe dancer and broadsword-combat fighter. The East, about sixty years ago, had starring visits from Mr. Charles Macready and others, at the Norton Folgate Theatre, and Mr. Elton played there before he started on his fatal American voyage. The shortest-lived London theatre was the Brunswick, in Welleclose Square, which was built and opened in seven months, in 1828, the day after the opening of the old Pavilion. On the third day after its completion the roof fell in at rehearsal, killing a number of the unfortunate actors.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

The very clever dog and kitten which figure in the accompanying pictures are the property of Mr. John Wood, of Roman Road, Colchester. Mrs. Wood, who posed them with such success, is very much attached to her pets, and manages to infuse them with quite an enthusiasm for adopting these comical attitudes. The affection displayed by one animal towards the other absolutely refutes the theory generally expressed by the phrase "a cat-and-dog life." Both of them have by this time grown accustomed to the camera, and though, of course, it is difficult to obtain such first-rate photographs in all cases, yet the dog and kitten do their best to help the operator by strict attention to business. The photographs were taken by G. A. Oldham, of Colchester, and they may be obtained of Mr. J. Wood, 34, Roman Road, Colchester, or from the leading art stationers in most towns. Mr. Wood has a very large assortment of similar pictures, in which his animals figure in other attitudes and characters. They would delight the heart of every reader of the *Spectator* who retails those anecdotes concerning the sagacity of animals which have formed one of the most entertaining portions of that scholarly magazine.



THE LESSON.



"SHALL WE BEGIN?"

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.



A FRIENDLY CUP.



CONSULTING THE MENU.



"WON'T YOU JOIN US?"



MY NEW FROCK.

THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL AND MR. W. J. BULL.

"I remember going down in the diving-bell at the dear old Polytechnic," said I.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied Mr. William James Bull; "if you want to see the Blackwall Tunnel, learn what pressure means, and see a very beautiful piece of engineering, come along, and we'll sail down in our launch. "Our" is the London County Council, and Mr. Bull is one of its members. I accepted his invitation, and we set sail for Blackwall. On the way down I had time to learn a good deal about my companion.

Mr. Bull is the youngest member of the Council. He was returned last election by Hammersmith as a Moderate, and since he had already shown great ability in local work, he took promptly an important position. He was elected to the Parks Committee, on the famous



Photo by Lanchamdi, Pall Mall East.

MR. W. J. BULL.

Theatres Committee, and the Bridges Committee, of which he was appointed this year the Chairman. For a man who was born in 1863 to be chairman of the committee that has management of all the splendid bridges over the Thames (save the few actually within the City), and controls, jointly with the neighbouring County Councils, twenty-one county bridges, is a very substantial proof of ability and energy. Fortunately, he is the right man for the post, and everyone, from Mr. Alexander R. Binnie, M.I.C.E.—a rather curious combination of letters—the engineer-in-chief of the Council, downwards, finds that not only has he a thorough knowledge of a large and difficult subject, but also valuable ideas of his own for the employment of his knowledge, and a tact that keeps his committee on good terms with the Thames Conservancy and the City, so that the three great bodies work harmoniously in the control of the splendid waterway. Of course, I did not learn all this from Mr. Bull, who, indeed, was more anxious to talk about the bridges than about himself.

As the Empire licence was a burning matter, I could not help asking a few questions of a member of the famous Licensing Committee.

"It's not satisfactory," said Mr. Bull. "Please understand that I say nothing against individual members of our Committee, but it's cruel to be in a minority when you strongly disapprove of the policy of the majority. Believe me, if I thought that their policy—of which the dealing with the Empire licence is such a wonderful instance—would contribute in the least to diminish the sin, shame, and suffering of the mighty city of which I have the honour to be, to some extent, one of the rulers, I should join the majority at once; but I do not. I object to a wilfully short-sighted, ostrich policy. We have control of the

halls, not of the streets—what is the use of purifying the one by the simple process of making the other still fouler than it is? Moreover, I do not think we are the right kind of body. As a committee we are comically ignorant of the laws of evidence; and the way in which we allow "leading," permit conversations to be put into the mouths of witnesses, and accept hearsay as evidence, horrifies me."

Perhaps I should mention that Mr. Bull is a lawyer, and carries on with his brother, both at Hammersmith and in London, the practice built up by his grandfather, great-uncle, and father, under the vigorous English style of Bull and Bull.

"How many means of communication south of the Tower Bridge are there?" I asked.

"There is only now," he answered, "for ordinary traffic, the Woolwich Ferry, which is free, and costs us about £17,000 a year; and there will soon be the Blackwall Tunnel. The old Thames Tunnel and the Electric Tunnel are used for railway work. The Tower Subway is for foot-passengers only."

"I want to know a little about the Blackwall Tunnel."

"Well, for the carefully-thought-out plans and design we are indebted to the genius of Mr. Binnie, our chief engineer. Messrs. Pearson and Son are the contractors. It should have been finished by March, 1895, but unexpected difficulties have arisen, and it will hardly be completed before the end of 1896. It will cost about a million. It will be free, and, seeing that we can borrow at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the cost of maintenance, &c., will be small, it will prove really cheap, and, of course, very convenient. The diameter of the tunnel will be 27 ft., and the actual roadway 22 ft. 3 in. The inner surface is to be lined with white glazed bricks, and the lighting will be electric. But here we are; come along."

I followed him reluctantly. It was beginning to rain, or rather, to mizzle, and the place looked as dreary and desolate as if war had passed over it. We came to a small house, and inspected bewildering plans, and then went into a bedroom in one of the engineers' houses and put on a pair of top-boots, a blue jersey, and a grey soft cap. Then we tramped along till we came to an iron-lined pit, eighty feet deep, down which we descended by a painfully impetuous lift.

"Looking south," said Mr. Bull, "is cut-and-cover work—a tunnel by excavation from the surface—north is tunnel by boring. We go north—no, it won't invalidate your life insurance policy." It looked damp, dark, and dirty, and it was. "You aren't under the Thames for some distance yet, but we're working in a very watery sand, so the pressure is pretty high. It's $22\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to-day. Yes, beyond the normal 15. You'll have a burden of $37\frac{1}{2}$ lb. on every square inch of you."

I felt glad I have not many square inches. We came to what looked like two closed boilers.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Air locks," he replied. "They've steel doors, weighing twenty-two tons, to resist the pressure. You go inside"—we did—"then the air is pumped in, and you hold your nose."

"Is the smell nasty?" I inquired.

"Not a bit, but it'll enable you to resist the pressure. When it's raised to $22\frac{1}{2}$ lb., the inner door is opened and we are in the workings. What's the pressure for? To keep out the water: if it were turned off, in would come the water, and your insurance policy wouldn't be invalidated, it would come into force."

I believe I laughed, but I heard no sound, for there was a din in the lock like the screaming of a million disappointed devils. I felt a sort of suffocation, a cruel pressure on my head, my ears began to sing, and there came a sharp pain in one. I tried to say something suitable to the occasion, but could not hear my own voice.

What I saw, did not hear, and felt, before we got back again to the blessed 15 lb. air, need not be described closely. I might mention that the pressure "tapped the claret" from the Chairman's "boko," and that my hair, despite the pressure and someone else's grey soft cap, stood on end—every one of the dozen of it—when Mr. Bull mentioned in the air lock that if they let out the condensed air by the larger nozzle I should be blown up by the rush of the condensed air from within me. I had longed till then to get rid of my compressed air, but changed my tactics, and clung desperately to it.

The system of working may be explained simply. By hydraulic rams, what may be called a tube, with a cutting edge, technically known as a "shield," is forced forward, and then workmen cut out the sand, shingle, clay, &c., up to the edge of the tube, and pass it in trucks through the air locks. As this is done, an ingenious machine, like a pair of huge clock-hands, takes up large iron segments, 2 ft. wide and weighing half a ton, and puts them into position. They are rivetted together, and thus the rough skin of the tunnel will be formed right under and across the river till the further side is reached. The pressure of the air is simply used as an opposition to the inrush of the immense amount of water contained in the loose stuff in which they are worked. In one part they expect that a pressure of 51 lb. may be necessary. Of course, they have to be very careful about the health of the men working under such circumstances, and keep a doctor ready in case of accident. The men get one-third more than ordinary wages when working up to 25 lb. pressure, and one-half if it rises above that degree, while a pension is to be given to any that become permanently disabled. Most of them soon get accustomed to the pressure, but a few cannot stand it at all. I believe I am one of the few. Yet I am bound to say that an expedition to the works, if you can get as guide such an able, intelligent, and courteous man as Mr. Bull—who, I believe, will one day be M.P. for Hammersmith—is quite sufficiently interesting to repay you for any inconvenience.



CUPID,



WASHING-DAY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. JOHNSTONE, O'SHANNESSEY, AND CO., LTD., MELBOURNE.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN.*

"He was ever a fighter"—that would be a fit epitaph for Charles Bradlaugh, whose life has just been traced with loving loyalty by his daughter. Probably, in the last half-century there never has been so striking a reversal of popular opinion as in the case of the man who goes proudly down to history as "Member for Northampton." With his later years in public life the public is well acquainted. His struggle into the House of Commons, followed by his useful services as a member thereof, is part of the political "history of our own times." Like Wilkes in a former period, Charles Bradlaugh was victorious in upholding the right of a constituency to elect its own representative; like Wilkes, also, he died in possession of the esteem of the very people who most bitterly opposed him. And the outside public, which takes its opinions mostly from its leaders, has likewise come round to the opinion that, instead of being a violent Demagogue, Bradlaugh was a powerful public servant, who more rightly deserved the name of statesman than many who hold it. It was another case of—

The hoisting mob of yesterday
In silent awe returns,
To gather up the ashes
Into history's golden urns.

The frontispiece to the first volume at once reminds us of that strange part of Bradlaugh's career when he served as a private in the 7th Dragoon Guards. It was while the regiment was in Ireland that he became acquainted with James Thomson, who afterwards lived under his roof and wrote "The City of Dreadful Night" for publication in the *National Reformer* under Bradlaugh's editorship. It was true of the man in another sense to that which he intended when he said, during a serious illness: "Ah, well, I cannot grumble; I have lived the lives of three men: I have burned the candle at both ends, and the middle as well." One hardly knows which of the three sections of his life is the most interesting. There was his early connection with the law, which afterwards proved so useful to him; there was his arduous labours as a Secularist lecturer, threatened by brickbats and bad eggs; and there was the threefold life as editor, lecturer, and politician that at last exhausted wearied nature and made Charles Bradlaugh pay the penalty of death for his gigantic slavery.

Mrs. Bonner, with a diffuseness which is only due to a desire to explain thoroughly the varied aspects of her father's career, pictures all the tempestuous times when poverty pressed the family hard. A record, when he was only twenty-eight years old, is as follows: "During the past twelve months I have addressed 276 different meetings, four of which each numbered over 5000 persons. Eighty of these lectures have involved considerable loss in travelling, hotel expenses, loss of time, &c." And yet he was condemned for "the money-making and easy life" he was supposed to be leading! In 1860 "Iconoclast's" famous articles began to appear in the *National Reformer*, and it is amusing to find in the early numbers enthusiastic references to "Turkish baths: as Mrs. Bonner says, "We are all tolerably familiar with the proverb, 'Cleanliness comes next to godliness,' but anyone reading the Freethought papers of thirty odd years ago would be compelled to admit that it took a very front place in the principles of Secularism then."

His life at this time began to be painfully punctuated by lawsuits, in which he was usually defending his honour. Again and again one is impressed with the courage which supported the undaunted man in his appearances in law courts. When he conducted his own case he was

complimented on his fairness and eloquence, but in the witness-box there were insulting inquiries to endure as to his beliefs which bring a blush to the reader's face as he thinks of the injustice to which "Iconoclast" was subjected, "in the cause of religion," by men like Lord Halsbury.

There is a touching instance of the impression Bradlaugh made on those around him. A cabman, who often drove him, but was too shy to speak to him, gave away every fare he received from Bradlaugh to some charity, for he could not spend such money on himself, feeling "he must do some good with it."

As a lecturer, too, there was everywhere an unruly mob which stormed the hall and struck at the lecturer, and often an inability to regard Bradlaugh as a fellow-being entitled to a living. "Down with the infidel!" was a cry not seldom inspired by ecclesiastics with the wild fury of the silver-merchants of Ephesus. There are a few bright

threads in this woof, such as the homely hospitality of Mr. Thomas Burt (now M.P. for Morpeth), who took Mr. Bradlaugh to supper at Blyth, unaware at the time that every other door was closed to him. Here are a few entries which tell their own tale: "One thousand miles and four lectures in two days and three nights, and back to business by ten on Monday"; "Voice reduced to a hoarse whisper"; "Lecture at Accrington followed by three hours' drive in the night across country, over bad and slippery roads, to Preston, to catch the London train." At Preston the station was locked up, but Mr. Bradlaugh managed to get inside the porters' room, where there was happily a fire, by which he dozed until the train was due. Then six hours' rail in the frosty night, and back to City work for Tuesday morning. "Who will buy our bishopric?" asked Bradlaugh pathetically.

His long struggle into Parliament, and all the exciting events which are within most politicians' memory, are detailed with painful fulness by Mr. John M. Robertson, who may be excused the strong feeling he manifests on behalf of his late leader. Hardly anyone, except Bradlaugh and Bright, really covered themselves with honour in that strange muddle. All the more remarkable is his wonderful success in St. Stephen's during the five years he was allowed to discharge his Parliamentary duties. He propitiated every quarter of that mixed assembly by the splendid industry and genial urbanity which had at



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P.

last a chance of mellowing. The writer was struck by the constant arrival of Mr. Bradlaugh in the lobby in those busy days, in response to the cards sent by "all sorts and conditions of men." No member was in greater request; no man was more courteous in responding to inquiries. From his death-bed a proof of his biography, which had been submitted by an editor, was returned with every flattering allusion deleted in Mr. Bradlaugh's firm handwriting. It is sad to recall his sturdy, manly speech in the House, asking that the resolution relating to his previous exclusions might be expunged—a speech which, though supported by Sir Henry James and Sir William Harcourt, was unsuccessful. Its moderation was as remarkable as his eloquence, and recalled those speeches which he delivered at the Bar of the House—a vantage-ground of which such a natural orator made full use. No one could have wished for a more excellent position for impressing the House of Commons than Mr. Bradlaugh had when he claimed his rights as a duly elected Member of Parliament. It was only when he was dying, on Jan. 27, 1891, that the House, to a certain extent, repaired its former injustice by a resolution, which, however, could not be conveyed to the dying man. After his death, opinion has gradually changed, and people are slowly learning what a great, generous soul plowed its weary way through seas of difficulties, and that the nation lost one of its ablest, sincerest citizens when Charles Bradlaugh gained the rest denied him through the fifty-seven years of his life. D. W.

* "Charles Bradlaugh: a Record of his Life and Work." By his daughter, Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner. With an Account of his Parliamentary Struggle, his Politics, and his Attitude to Religion, by John M. Robertson. Two vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



A PORTRAIT.—A. HENRY G. BISHOP.

ART NOTES.

We made some preliminary remarks last week with reference to the very interesting Venetian Exhibition now on view at the New Gallery. As we said before, there is perhaps nothing which represents Venice quite at its best, although it may, at least, be said that it is representative of Venice, of her art, and the beauty of her productiveness. And that is saying much; it is, at all events, saying that there is gathered together



My sister Emmeline and I
 Together chased the butterfly,
 But she chased her hair,
 Feared to brush the dust from off its wings.—Wordsworth.

PAINTED BY FLORENCE HANNAN.

Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.

a collection of artistic works which more or less typify one of the greatest—if not the greatest—pictorial schools of art that Europe has ever seen.

There is, of course, much controversy among the Doctors as to the authenticity of many of the canvases attributed to various great painters of the Venetian School. Giorgione, for example, may be represented by one or more works which are, at all events, attributed to him; and, for the most part, whether or not all these paintings are rightly his, they are worthy examples of that great period. "A Concert," which is attributed to this painter, is a very beautiful interpretation of atmosphere, and, so far as colour goes, is extremely beautiful. We care not if it is Giorgione's or not; it is a fine painting.

The Titians, we have before said, do not impress us very deeply, as Titians. As the possible work of painters less great than he, the paintings are beautiful, and even noble. The portrait of a Doge—by name Antonio Grimani—is a very fine example of the best portrait-painting; the modelling has extraordinary solidity and facility of effect. Besides all these, one must mention certain objective aspects of the Queen of Cities by Guardi, which are only less beautiful and true than the superb examples of Canaletto which are housed in the National Gallery. For the rest, we must generally conclude with the remark with which we opened last week, that an exhibition such as this, however belittled the great art of Venice may be, does, in fact, represent (even though it be in miniature) and mirror that which only a personal experience of Venice can communicate in absolute and magnificent fact.

It is gratifying to record of the present Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy that, in its way, it is as noble and as engrossing a collection as has ever decorated the walls of Burlington House. It has surpassed expectation, where you would have reasonably said beforehand that expectation could not possibly be surpassed. One has indeed always taken the point of view that of all annual exhibitions, that of the Old Masters at the Royal Academy is wont to be the most valuable

and interesting. But this year one might even venture to say that if past exhibitions of the Old Masters could be scattered over various other galleries, this one would probably be justly considered to surpass them all.

The only possible method of approaching even a proximately exhaustive account of the not quite two hundred canvases, is by grouping prominently those that are open to such treatment and more or less ignoring the rest. First, then, come the Rembrandts, which, if they alone had constituted the exhibition, would still have made it illustrious. Some four portraits from the hand of that master are as beautiful, in point of colour, of modelling, and of massive simplicity, as the art of painting could achieve. The "Gentleman with a Hawk," perhaps, gains some meretricious charm from its elegant coating of varnish; still, where could you find else such painting of hair, such a harmony of grave colour, such magnificence of pose, such subtle pictorial confusion in pure simplicity as here? All is blended in a solemn scheme, and has in it some of that vital sensitiveness yet peaceful effect which one experiences from the aspect of a wide, starlit night. This is fact—not poetry.

There is another Rembrandt, the "Portrait of Nicholas Berghem," before which one feels an almost irresistible tendency to pull off one's hat, not so much in reverence as in greeting. The picture is dark, it is true, but the blacks and the greys are confined within so exquisite a blending of tone—like some soft, gay melody, played upon muted strings—that you do not feel, or should not feel, the smallest repulsion. And the face, modelled as life itself had modelled it, looking at you half humorous, half defiant, under the black, broad hat, from sensitive eyes, persuades you that Rembrandt had run beyond the ordinary epithets of criticism, and governed, rather than claimed, sympathy and admiration.

To pass over other portraits by the same master, one may come to the Gainsborough and Reynolds group of portraits. Gainsborough's exquisite refinement, and what we make bold to call his superbly delicate sense of



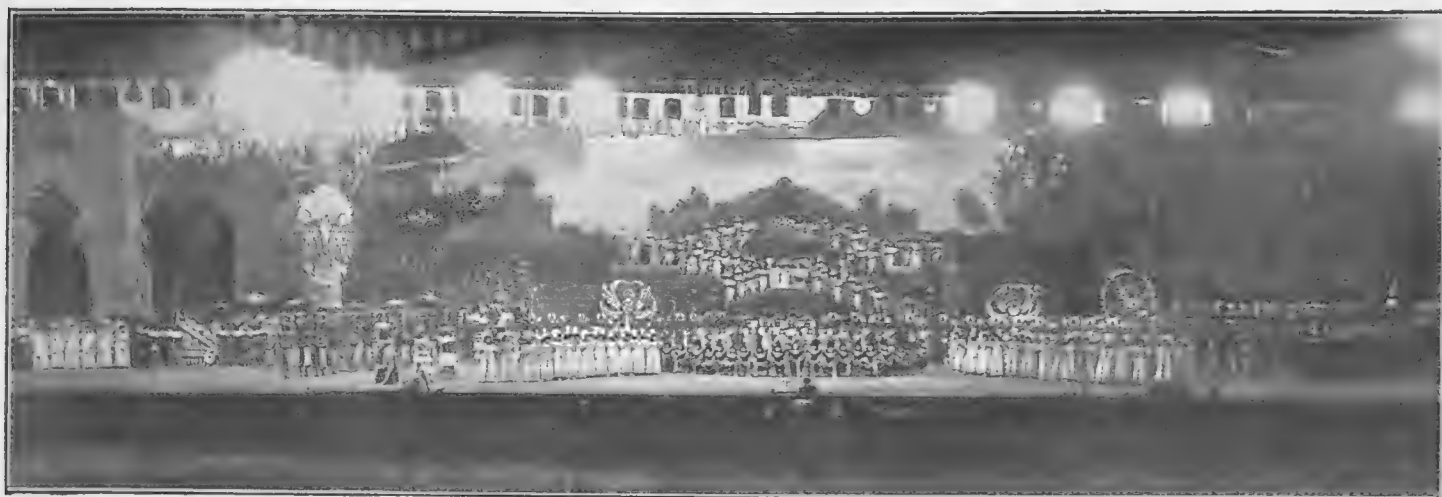
A BRIDESMAID.—HENRY WHATLEY.

In the Bristol Fine Arts Academy Winter Exhibition.

the background smudge, are as persuasive and as beautiful as ever. The Sir Joshuas, indeed, make one wring one's hands over the tricks of time and the unearthly colouring to which waste and decay have, in many instances, reduced his work. Still, they are as noble in essentials as art can show, and even now, regarded merely as colour schemes and pure exercises in character, composition, and modelling, the most faded of them all, however inhuman, cannot but excite an extreme admiration.

"THE ORIENT," AT OLYMPIA.

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.



THE TEMPLE OF THE GREAT SNAKE.



RECEPTION OF HENRY V.



OLD LONDON PAGEANT.

A CHAT WITH LEO STERN.

A refined yet sensuous imagination, ruling a vivid, highly strung temperament, endowed with a capacity—chameleon-like—of adapting itself spontaneously to very varied environments, or the butterfly caprice of the moment: an artist “Jusqu’au bout des ongles,” Fortune’s “Enfant gâté.” Such, in brief, are the impressions of Leo Stern I carry away from a hour’s chat with this inspired violoncellist, at his luxurious abode near Portland Place.

I am ushered into a charming little den, a harmony in white and terra-cotta, brightened by well chosen *bric-à-brac*, a medley of photographs of celebrities, quaint etchings, and plaques of Japanese lacquer adorning the walls.

“An interview! You really want an interview? Oh! this is dreadful! I feel at once as if I were under the harrow of an eminent Queen’s Counsel. Now do, please, put that horrid little red book away: it makes everything so formal.” (I comply obediently, and mentally thank Providence for a most tenacious memory.) “Interviews are positive ordeals; I never undergo this experience without feeling afterwards, when I read my own words in cold blood, that I am a blatant, unblushing egotist. However, if you will permit me one cigarette—cigarettes, I must tell you, are my greatest weakness: I smoke even before I get up, and am always making good resolutions; when I wake in the middle of the night, to mend my ways; but in the morning—”

Repressing a smile, I ask ruthlessly, “Do you consider the English an unmusical nation, Mr. Stern?”

“By no means; whatever is really of high excellence will always obtain a hearing, sooner or later. The Scotch, however, seem to me really more musically inclined than the English. There is often a good deal of musical talent among amateurs, hidden away in quiet, upper middle-class homes.”

“You are often on tour with the Meister Glee Singers?”

“Yes, this is the fourth time. We are a very friendly little party; but it is trying work, rushing about from place to place, staying only a night at each. We were once placed in an absurd predicament by one of the artistes, who conscientiously insists on obtaining his regulation allowance of sleep, fastening up the bell outside his door with paper and soap. As it also happened to be the main wire communicating with the hotel chambermaid, we all enjoyed an extra two hours’ sleep; but you should have heard the uproar when we awoke.” Here Mr. Stern repeats some ludicrous doggerel of his own composition celebrating the event, but resolutely refuses me a copy.

“You seem gifted with ‘all the talents,’ Mr. Stern. Do you happen also to be a composer?”

“Well, I suppose I am, in a sort of way. I have written about twenty pieces for the violoncello, and four or five for the violin, which have been published in Germany, also by English publishers, notably Robert Cocks and Co. I have just composed a pianoforte waltz, for four hands, for the Princess Beatrice, who is really an accomplished musician, and, for the first occasion, on which I was summoned to play before her Majesty at Balmoral, I arranged four national Scottish airs.”

“These were —?”

“‘Ye Banks and Braes,’ ‘Jessie o’ Dumblane,’ ‘My Nannie O,’ and ‘Auld Robin Gray.’ The Queen was so pleased with them that they have since been specially requested on each occasion.”

“You have often appeared before the Queen?”

“Yes; eight times. I will show you the mementoes kindly presented to me by the Queen and the Princess Beatrice”—and disappearing through a pretty little drawing-room, all daintiest white and gold, Mr. Stern returns with an armful of royal gifts, the finest being a beautiful pin, the royal crown and monogram in brilliants; two sets of gold and jewelled sleeve-links; a white onyx letter-weight, the royal autograph written across it in gold; a cigar and bank-note case; silver and crystal cigarette-case; and last, but not least, a framed and signed portrait of Princess Beatrice.

“Once or twice,” says Mr. Stern, “when I have been staying with Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick in Scotland, I have been summoned to

play before the Queen. I have also had the honour of playing duets with the Princess Beatrice. Prince Henry of Battenberg, too, is very critical, and a really just judge of music. I used to give him lessons on the violoncello, for which he displayed great aptitude—having the further advantage, moreover, of having studied it in childhood, though forced to give it up later for want of time. Once, when I was summoned from the Borthwicks’ to play at Balmoral, I was asked to give some imitative recitations before the Queen, the royal party being particularly amused by the ‘Charge of Balaclava’ in four languages. Rather to my dismay, too, somebody had been indiscreet enough to mention my habit of caricaturing, so I was obliged to show a few of my sketches. Ah, here they are!” Mr. Stern exclaims; and, after hunting through the drawers of an antique bureau, and unearthing a variety of heterogeneous oddments, he displays some very laughable caricatures, in the style of *Vanité Fair*, of the Borthwick house-party.

“Just before I left Glenmuick, I was one morning driving to Balmoral, when I met the Queen, who was so gracious as to stop her pony-chair, and, beckoning me, address some very kind questions to me. I was first brought to the notice of her Majesty by the kindness of Lord Whar-

cliffe, who wrote to the Dowager Lady Churchill, saying I should much like to play before the Queen; and a few days after, when I was at Calwich Abbey, I received a summons to play before her Majesty next day. Strange to say, I made my third appearance before the Queen a few days before my sister, Miss Helen Luck (Mrs. Gilbert Hare), had the good fortune to take a small part in the production at Balmoral of ‘Diplomacy’ by Royal command.” And Mr. Stern shows me a charming portrait of this young and pretty actress, who is winning “golden opinions” as a promising member of the refined and artistic Garrick Company, and the graceful vignette of a pretty little girl, a sister younger still, who is studying the violin at Frankfurt.

Mr. Stern’s enthusiasm for Teutonic music, his German-sounding name, and something altogether foreign in his lively temperament and appearance, his wavy light hair, and vivacious grey eyes, suggest the question whether he is not of alien origin.

“Yes; my father is a German, who has, however, long been settled at Brighton as a professor of the violin. My mother, though, is English; she is very musical, and was a pupil of Sterndale Bennett’s. Oddly enough, I was not intended for a musician, but studied for an analytical chemist under Dr. Frankland, and was for some time in a large factory near Glasgow, called Thornlie Bank. There I was not particularly happy; I found my surroundings very irksome. After my work was done I used to go home to my lodgings and play on my violoncello for hours. I appeared now and then at concerts as an amateur. Eventually I became very ill from my work, and had to return south.

Then I played before Signor Piatti, who wrote of me afterwards, ‘I have heard Mr. Stern play; he has a great disposition for the violoncello;’ and, through the munificence of my employer, Mr. Alexander Crum, I studied under Signor Piatti for two years; then a most kind friend, Mr. John Samuel, sent me to Leipzig to complete my ‘cello’ education. Although of German extraction, I find the French a most delightful public—so appreciative and enthusiastic. The last time I was in Paris, Mr. Campbell Clarke—who, I daresay, you know by repute as the writer of ‘Paris Day by Day’ in the *Daily Telegraph*—gave a musical party expressly for me; among others present were Massenet, Thomé, Godard, who accompanied me in his own compositions on the piano, and Miss Sybil Sanderson.”

“And now I must show you my greatest treasure, my beautiful Stradivarius” (removing it tenderly from the lounge); “isn’t it magnificent? I acquired this quite by accident. My father happened to hear that the famous violoncello known as the ‘General Kidd Strad’ was for sale, and told me this was my opportunity. My friends then kindly subscribed £850, and I made the balance, £150, at a concert I gave. And now I’m going to play to you.”

Mr. Stern lovingly draws his bow across his violoncello, improvising exquisitely until I am reluctantly forced to take my leave, when, long after, as I pass through the busy streets, the cadence of this sweet harmony lingers in my ear.

E. B.



MR. LEO STERN.

Photo by Scott and Carlyle.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

"I think this is a very fine picture. So thoughtful of the artist to put a glass in front of it?
I should never have known my tie was coming off."



THE AMATEUR AGAIN.

MALBONIA : "Come, kiss me, sweet coz, and I'll begone." (In an agitated whisper) : "How on earth are we going to manage this? We haven't rehearsed in these collars."



WAITER-R-R-R!



FIN DE SIÈCLE: THE "BURLINGTON."

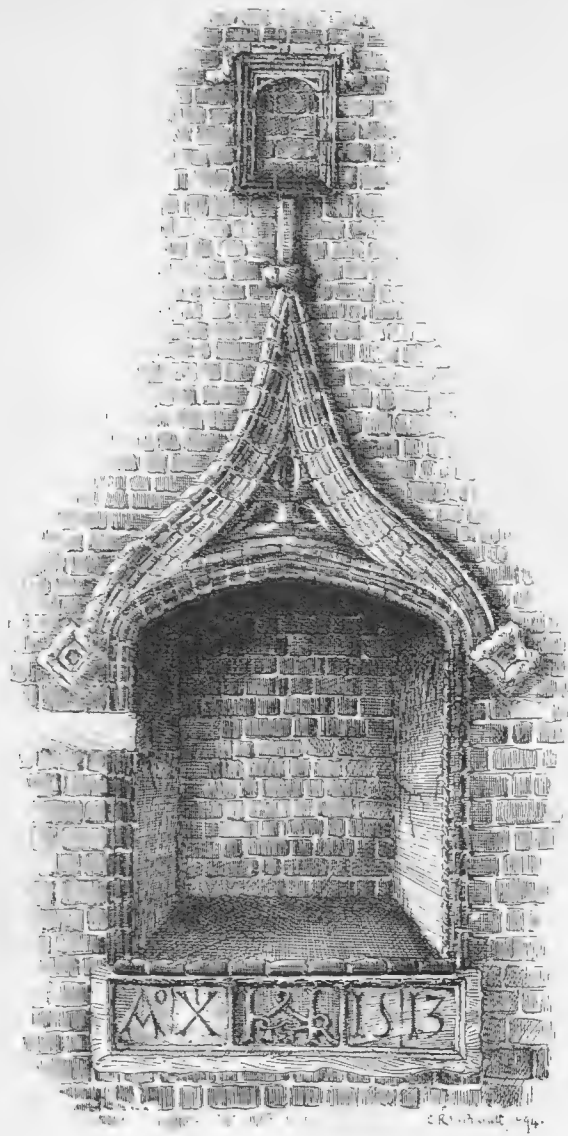
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



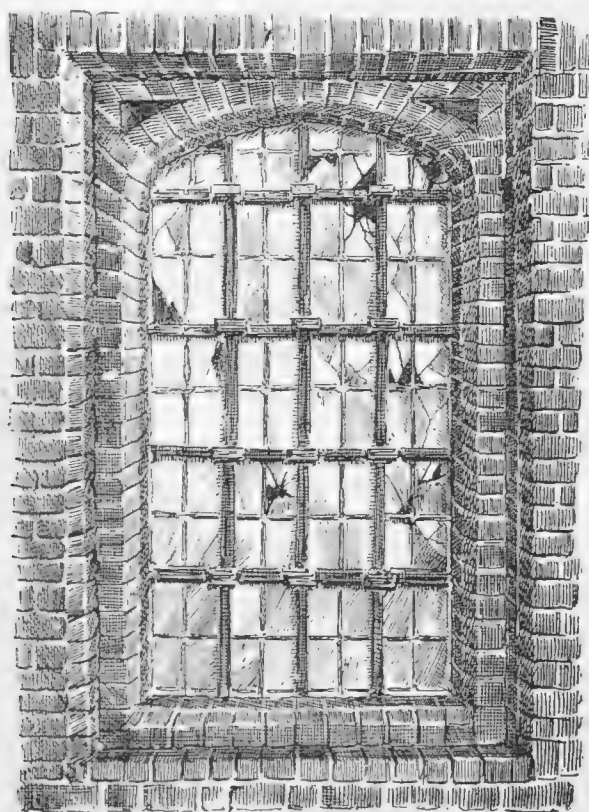
THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE: FÊTE AND FATE.

A FAMOUS DEPTFORD BUILDING.

The phrase "throwing pearls before swine" has been almost literally carried out at Deptford, for what is an architectural gem has been



converted into the refrigerating-room at the great foreign cattle market. It was built in 1513 by Henry VIII. as a naval storehouse. This



CRBarnett 1894.

fact is still chronicled in the beautiful little brick window here shown, with the inscription "ANNO CHRISTI, HENRICUS REX, 1513."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent ceremony of military degradation performed on Captain Dreyfus has strengthened the feeling of doubt that must have occurred to all sensible persons as to the justice of his condemnation, for, to judge by the accounts of the scene, the unfortunate prisoner was the only one who was not degraded on that occasion. He bore himself, apparently, like a man, a soldier, and a gentleman; protested in due measure, and at the right times, his innocence of the charge of treason, and did not, by any undignified scuffling, make his suffering ridiculous. Whereas the crowd watching the scene seems to have responded with hoots to the prisoner's protest, and at least one journalist, we are told by an admiring colleague, addressed Dreyfus as "Sale Juif," thereby proving himself a cad too contemptible for kicking, and more despicable than the victim, were the latter proved ten times a traitor.

But that is just what seems to be doubtful, and there are not wanting signs that the more reputable French journalists and citizens are beginning to have qualms as to the justice of a sentence whose victim bore himself so well, and so unlike a guilty man. I wonder how many Frenchmen, however innocent and patriotic, would care to be brought up, on a charge of treason or spying, before a court-martial sitting with closed doors. We know from the history of the Norton fabrications that the most clumsy and transparent lies and forgeries may win credit from the excited French Press and people—and they are seldom not excited. We know what a chorus of howls was raised against Lord Dufferin simply because a needy scoundrel chose to accuse him of intriguing against France. The imposture was detected, and the howls died away; but had Lord Dufferin been a French subject, and a French soldier, tried with closed doors by a bench of military men of average prejudice and unintelligence, what would his innocence have been worth?

The fact is that popular justice is the same all the world over. The Athenians of old condemned Socrates because he would not flatter his jury; a few words of adroit clap-trap would have got him off almost scot-free. The great American nation lets murderers appeal and appeal, and finally bribe or beg their way out of the condemned cell, until the sense of outraged justice is too strong, and the people rise in their majesty and lynch an innocent man. And at home in England we let a dozen offenders pass untouched, and hunt down the thirteenth, whose special guilt lies only in his sinning during one of our periodical spasms of virtue. We suddenly realise that we have allowed a whole stud of horses to be stolen with impunity, and we forthwith rush out and hang the first person discovered gazing over the paddock fence.

So has it been in France. The huge scandal of Panama, and all the innumerable lesser scandals that have followed, have begotten an enormous and vague desire for vengeance on those who have so discredited the country. The chief offenders in the Panama affair escaped by death, old age, or flight, and no victim could be made. Now come the wholesale charges of dishonesty and fraud, arrests of editors and financiers and public men, till it seems as if journalistic and political Frenchmen, like the robber knights of old, eked out a precarious living by taking blackmail from one another. The public mind is in somewhat the same feverish state of suspicion as during the Revolution, when everybody, however fervently patriotic, was thought to have the gold of Pitt in his pockets. Poor Pitt! if he had but possessed half the gold he was credited with spending in buying up French patriots, our National Debt would be less by half to-day.

When the public mind is in this state, a victim must be found—guilty, if possible, but, in any case, a victim. The Anti-Semitic gang had prepared the general public to expect treason from Jews. An unsigned document is discovered—*cela sent son Norton d'une lieue*. After all, what Anti-Semite would be balked of his just vengeance by absurd and quixotic scruples as to forgery? For ages, as these worthies assert, the Jews have sacrificed Christians for their Passover incantations; it is time to retaliate by torturing a Jew to make a Christian holiday at New Year. When, a century and a half ago, Damiens scratched Louis XV. with a penknife, high French society enjoyed the spectacle of seeing the regime gradually torn to pieces. There is no high French society now, but what fills its place has enjoyed a similar spectacle lately in much the same spirit. For the Ancien Régime is not dead; its corruption and its cruelty endure, and only the courtesy is gone.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

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TOMMY ATKINS AND HIS CHILDREN.

Tommy Atkins has few opportunities to bring the domestic virtues into play, for only a percentage of men in a regiment are permitted to marry. But that fact tends, or popular belief thinks it tends, to make those who



Photo by P. Damant, Colchester.

CHRISTMAS-TREE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE TWENTIETH HUSSARS.

are married stronger in their domesticity than the ordinary paterfamilias. The child of the regiment has always been a sort of happy hero in the eyes of the outside world, and it is easy to understand why it is so. At any rate, the children of the 20th Hussars had a right royal Christmas at Colchester, Colonel Lord Beaumont and the officers of the regiment organising a Christmas-tree and entertainment. The arrangements, which were of a most elaborate character, were carried out entirely by Lieutenant and Mrs. Talland. The children, numbering about 150, together with their parents, had an excellent tea, bread-and-butter and cake being provided *ad lib.*, followed by a plentiful supply of nuts, oranges, and sweets. After tea the party were entertained with some amusing magic-lantern slides by Mr. Burd, the garrison schoolmaster. Then followed the Christmas-tree, which was seventeen feet high, and was literally laden with dolls (the whole of them dressed by Mrs. Talland), toys galore, with woollen petticoats, stockings, and the like, for the girls, and shirts, stockings, &c., for the boys, each child receiving one or more of these under-garments. The gifts from the tree were distributed by Lord Beaumont. Then followed a dance, which was entered into by the youngsters with much zest; and when the time came, all too soon, for departing, each one was presented with a bag of cake and sweets. This is Tommy Atkins at play and at home. From far-off Sialkot, in the Punjab, comes word of the success of Tommy Atkins at work, for the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers were first in signalling in India last year, with the phenomenal score of 491.46, thus beating the second regiment on the list by nearly seven points in the figure of merit.

HORSE EXERCISE AT HOME.

The dear old hobby-horse of the nursery, in the hands of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, might have become animated with the life of a veritable charger. But it would have been by the force of his imagination. Yet if you put yourself in the hands of the appropriately named Messrs. Vigor, of Baker Street, it doesn't need an effort of the imagination to suppose yourself on the back of an excellent saddle-horse, when, as a matter of fact, you are only astride a combination of springs, covered with leather after the manner of the ordinary saddle. Their new Hercules Horse-action Saddle differs from all other mechanical arrangements of this kind by imitating the different paces of a horse, from the gentle canter to the glorious gallop. This is done by adjusting a pair of buffers at different gauges. You thus may experience all the sensations of a rider, and these sensations, it is hardly necessary to say, are health-giving in the highest degree. Numbers of people ought to ride, but either cannot be bothered or cannot afford it. Here, then, is a hack brought to their very rooms, to suit all weights, and for ladies as well as gentlemen. You rise in the morning and have a canter or a trot without going much beyond your bedside. The saddle is supplied in different qualities, from twenty-three to twelve guineas. Messrs. Vigor have a whole range of mechanical devices to make the imperfect man as perfect as is possible. There is the "home rower," there are machines for increasing the grasp of hand, the strength of wrist, and a host of other things; and they supply a series of eight tickets for a guinea, for exercise with their various health machines. Their business is indeed an extraordinary example of the height of our civilisation, and of the demands it makes on us.



THE SIGNALLING TEAM OF THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. Blackwood have published a posthumous volume by Professor Minto, consisting of lectures on English Literature under the Georges. A memoir is prefixed by Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, which is, with regret be it spoken, a somewhat slovenly and perfunctory performance. Dr. Knight seems to have known very little of Professor Minto, and he has contented himself with setting down anyhow the first things that came to his mind, and with stringing together a series of more or less interesting reminiscences by friends. Minto deserved a better fate, for his life was, to say the least, full of interest and emotion. His sympathies were wide, and his friendships were numerous, and kept well in repair. The lectures given in this volume are very well worth reading. Each of them rests on a foundation of independent and genuine study, and there is scarcely one of the authors mentioned on whom some new light is not thrown. This is particularly true of Burns; the section on Scott is distinctly disappointing. Dr. Minto's boundless charity leads him, in one or two cases, to exaggerate the merit of his authors, but the fault is pardonable. Without being elegant or precious, or even remarkably fresh in style, Professor Minto was bright, sane, and well informed, thus possessing virtues not too common, and never out of date.

A very good specimen of ecclesiastical biography is "The Life of Dean Church," which his daughter has prepared, and which Messrs. Macmillan have published. It was only towards the end of his life that Dean Church became known to Englishmen generally, but he was long influential in the inner circles of the Church of England, and, along with Lord Blachford and Montagu Bernard, did much to establish the *Guardian* in its present position as the leading ecclesiastical newspaper. The fault of Miss Church's book is that she largely ignores her father's literary work. It was, however, of very notable quality, and attracted the attention of the best minds. Dr. Church was, perhaps, alone among the Tractarians in studying science. He went through a course of anatomy, and kept himself abreast of new discoveries. It was through his influence that the *Guardian* was kept from heresy-hunting. In his later days, when the new criticism of the Old Testament had to be faced, he still took the liberal side. Among general readers he is best known, perhaps, by his contributions to the "English Men of Letters" series, on Spenser and Bacon, and by his eloquent and scholarly essay on Dante.

Messrs. Blackwood, who have long been the publishers of John Galt, the Scotch novelist, are resolved not to let his books out of their hands. They are to publish a new edition, each of which will contain a prefatory note by Mr. S. R. Crockett, while the text will be carefully revised by Mr. David S. Meldrum, the author of the promising novel "Margrédél."

For the lucid poetic moments of Mr. Edwin J. Ellis let us be duly grateful. A faith stubbornly survives in the minds of his admirers that his darkest passages mean something worth knowing, but he taxes ordinary brains overmuch. In "Sancan the Bard," however, he is perfectly lucid, and more than commonly musical. His originality has a habit of expressing itself in odd ways, and here he reverses the ordinary circumstances of poetry in dramatic form, and makes the incidental lyrics not the only bright spots of relief in a mass of dull eloquence, but, on the contrary, the only dull spots in a particularly bright little drama. As a story, it is not altogether successful. We have all a craving for a more agreeable kind of hero than Sancan. But the aim of the poem, beyond the praise of poetry, may be to mildly satirise the poetical temperament. Sancan manifests it in an aggravating way sometimes. The king has insulted the bards, giving them a place below the salt. So Sancan refuses to eat or to go away, and insists on dying on the king's doorstep to spite him. Only a most unexpected circumstance prevents the carrying out of his threat.

But he has ours as well as the king's tolerance, for he makes good verses. We admire him even in his temper, when he gloats on the shame his death will bring upon his royal master—

He has no power, no praise, no joy of living,
No pleasure in full hours of love or wine,
No lifted heart for pomp in kingly giving,
No memory of any gifts but mine.
I die on him, I die; his frame is fainting,
Like to a stag that falls with foam on lips.
My death upon his door with black brush painting,
Darkens him like the keels of his own ships.

When Mr. Ellis is not speaking from behind a mystic veil he is one of the most agreeable, simple poets of the day.

Mr. George E. Woodberry has made an excellent selection from the poems of Aubrey de Vere (Macmillan). In the full volume of his verse there are stumbling-blocks to a due appreciation of him. He is a great deal too cultivated for many; he is too placid for some. His avoidance of ostentatious and meretricious effects has ended in a calm evenness which blends into the commonplace very easily and very often. Possibly he was not often inspired, in the fuller, fiercer meaning of the word. But his love of beauty in art, nature, and legend is very rare and very catholic, and his power of eloquent and tender expression gives him a high rank among the literary poets. He is just the man to need a cultivated editor.

The selection here is rigid and fastidious; it could hardly be bettered. Mr. Woodberry has done well to give the most liberal space

to the legendary and heroic poems, "Cuchullain," and some others. In these Aubrey de Vere reached his highest point of excellence. From Celtic poetry he caught, for the moment, a warmth and colour not native to his own imagination, which works in a cold, clear atmosphere. One thing should be said of his lyrical poems: hardly anyone has known how to put a distinct moral into verse less offensively. This is from a very improving little love song, but a gem of art—

Love begins upon the heights,
As on tree-tops in the spring,
April with green foot alights
While the birds are carolling;
Ay, but April ends with May—
Love must have the marriage-day.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill, after many years' residence in Oxford, can examine another university, even an American one, with an open mind, and own that England has not a monopoly of educational virtues and advantages. This is nearly as creditable to him as his edition of Boswell. His visit to the American college was not a very long one, but while he was on the spot he dived deep into the matter, and he has packed his observation and his reading into a book of real interest, "Harvard College by an Oxonian" (Macmillan). Dr. Birkbeck Hill is a man of sentiment, and he makes eloquent appeals for a *rapprochement* of the members of the English and American universities for the interchange of courtesies and privileges. The "Respublica Literatorum, that great commonwealth of scholars to which Bodley dedicated his noble library, should not be bounded and divided by seas, rivers, and mountains. In every university the scholar should find his home; in every seat of learning he should have his right of domicile." And Dr. Hill gives some practical suggestions whereby the desired result might be brought about.

What he tells of the endowment of research is worth our listening to. Many Oxford and Cambridge scholars may feel curious. "From Professor Child I learnt of the readiness of the university to provide, even at a great cost, all the works which a scholar needs. For one rare book, which he himself required for his 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads,' no less than a thousand dollars (£204) was given."

He was long enough in America to learn how to hold the balance between the aristocratic Harvard and its democratic rival, and not to be taken in by the story of the man who had "twin sons, one of whom he sent to Harvard and the other to Yale. Before they entered college, no one, not even their father, could tell them apart, but after graduation the difference was plain. One was a Harvard gentleman and the other a Yale tough." About Yale he has some stories that send our minds back at once to the conditions of life for poor students in the Scotch universities. For undergraduates Dr. Hill's matter is, perhaps, not of the liveliest interest; but here and there a bit of information will touch them. Nowhere, it appears, in the United States does a young man carry a walking-stick. An unpatriotic attempt has been made by some Anglomaniacs to introduce the custom, but "my friend the Senior says that hitherto it has only been under the cover of night that he and his friends have ventured to carry a cane." So, even in a new country, youth is still the most conventional of all the ages. o. o.

A PAIR OF PRETTY KITTENS.

These beautiful and valuable kittens, the property of Mrs. C. H. Gough, Jersey, are four months old, and of the purest silver-grey colour. They



Photo by Tynan Brothers, Jersey.

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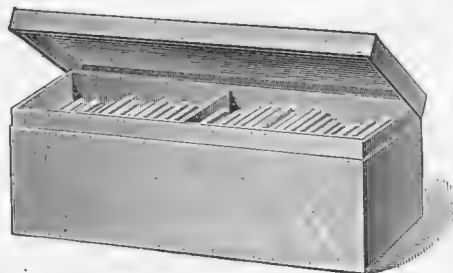
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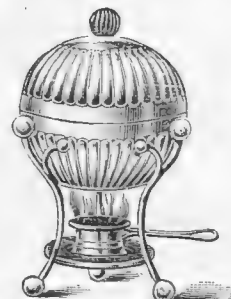
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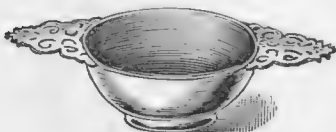
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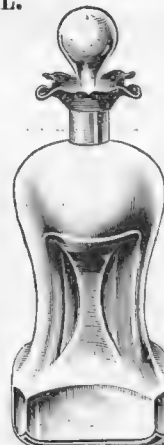


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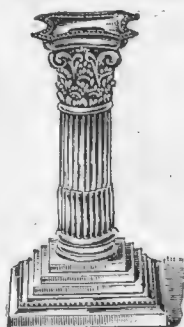
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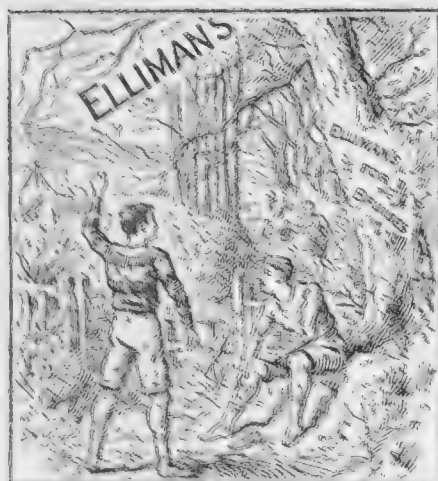
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

There is a valuable lesson to be learned from the England v. Wales match at Swansea. It is true that the representatives of the Rose won, and won handsomely, but they did not begin to win until some fifteen minutes from the finish. Even then, it was only by a sudden change of tactics that England beat the Welshmen, and beat them, too, all over the place. Two years ago, Wales taught England a valuable lesson. It taught us that, other things equal, four three-quarters behind the scrum are better than an extra man in the pack, and that combination in the back division is, if anything, even more important than combination among the forwards.

In accepting the teaching of Wales, England rushed to the other extreme, concentrated all her powers on the back division, and seemed to think that forwards fulfilled their whole duties if they could hold the scrum. Of course, there was the natural reaction, and the balance is once more in the process of being restored. Our re-conversion came about after the North v. South match, although it really had its origin when the Irish international forwards swamped the Englishmen at Blackheath last season. The old adage that you cannot win a match without good forwards is being emphasised every day. In the match at Swansea the other week England's magnificent pack frittered away their splendid talents for quite three parts of the game by simply attempting to hold the scrum and heel out. This policy might have succeeded had the men behind the scrum been first-class exponents of the Welsh game; but, alas! our three-quarter backs are not nearly perfected in the new style. It was a stroke of genius on the part of S. M. J. Woods to pass round the word to his scrummagers to go in for the old dashing, forceful, forward game. In physique the Englishmen were eminently fitted for carrying the scrum by storm. Half a stone heavier per man than their opponents, they were also cleverer with their feet, and, once set going, their rushes were as irresistible as an avalanche.

If England sticks to her present fifteen, save only that Byrne may be substituted for Ward and C. M. Wells for Taylor, I have every confidence in the representatives of the Rose winning all their international matches. To a large extent it is the forwards who must do the execution. Our backs are good, but the Scotch backs are better, and the Irish backs nearly as good. I don't think that England need have any considerable fear of Ireland, even though the match is to be played in Dublin. Ireland beat us last year not because the Shamrock was overpoweringly strong, but because the Rose adopted a wrong style of forward play. Even suppose our scrummagers should only hold their own against the Irish pack—and they ought to do more—we have a fair chance of winning.

Meanwhile, Scotland and Wales play their international at Edinburgh next Saturday week. I do not expect the Welshmen to repeat their record victory of two years ago. Scotsmen by this time have found out the value of Welsh methods behind the scrum, where they are probably stronger than the Welshmen themselves. The Scotch forwards have never quite given up their traditional style of scrum work, and they are more convinced than ever that by sticking to the old forceful game they can overrun the Welsh forwards, and prevent the backs from setting their machinery in motion. At the time of writing, the Scottish team has not been chosen, but I shall be surprised if in the back division we do not find A. R. Smith, Campbell, Gedge, Gowans, Neilson, and Donaldson.

Next Saturday, Blackheath play their return match with Cardiff on Welsh territory. No doubt, the Welshmen, who were rather unexpectedly beaten at Blackheath some weeks ago, will be very anxious to turn the tables on their formidable foes. I doubt whether Cardiff are quite as strong now as during the past two seasons, but there can be no doubt that on their own ground they will take an immense amount of beating. A great deal depends on the Blackheath forwards. If they go in for a robust style, and put plenty of body-work into the scrum, the Londoners stand a very fair chance of at least holding their own.

County matches in the Association game have not received that attention which is given to the Rugby County Championship. Yet things are working that way, and the meeting of Kent and Sussex at Tunbridge Wells to-day should be highly interesting, especially as Kent are playing a number of ex-Varsity men. Among the eleven I notice Rev. W. Rashleigh and J. Le Fleming, the Kent cricketers. A rather ominous name among the forwards is J. Frost. I hope his cold-blowing prototype will not in any way interfere with the game. An interesting match will be played in London to-day at Tufnell Park between Middlesex and the Brigade of Guards. Football in the Army, although extremely popular, has not yet reached a very high standard, but it is quite possible that the Guards, who have plenty of weight, will prove equal to beating the Middlesex eleven.

The League Championship becomes more interesting every day. For the first half of the season it seemed to have resolved itself into a duel between Everton and Sunderland, and, while those two clubs still hold the best position, neither are going with anything like the strength they showed in the early matches, while their position of supremacy is being seriously challenged by the old champions, Aston Villa, who, until a month ago, appeared to be quite out of the running. A match which will have an important bearing on the League Championship will be played at Everton to-morrow between the home club and Aston Villa. Since Everton were defeated by Sheffield Wednesday and Wolverhampton

Wanderers, the team appears to have gone all wrong. If they fail to beat Aston Villa in to-morrow's match, their chances of winning the championship will be rather gloomy.

In the Second Division of the League it is not difficult to tell who the winners will be. Bury are at the top, and look like keeping their position with ease. In all probability Grimsby Town will finish second, and Newton Heath are very strong candidates for third place. The fourth position might fall to any one of the following four clubs: Notts County, Barton Swifts, Darwen, or Woolwich Arsenal. The chances are that the Woolwich men will qualify for the fourth place, if, indeed, they do not go higher. Out of twelve matches to play, the Arsenal have eight at home, and as two of their out matches are against Crewe Alexandra and Burslem Port Vale, they are almost certain of winning ten more matches, which would give them the splendid total of forty points. Even if one were to deduct four points in case of accident, they would still finish with a very fine aggregate.

The success of the London Caledonians during the past few seasons has been due in no small measure to the captaincy and able play of their stalwart back, William Hay.

Hay served a splendid apprenticeship with the Glasgow Rangers before coming to London, and his abilities are so highly valued in Scotland that he is frequently asked to assist his old club in Cup-tie matches. Quite recently he was elected member of the famous Queen's Park of Glasgow, and had the honour of assisting that club in their Scottish Cup-tie against the Celtic. He is deservedly popular in London, and has played for Middlesex County more than once. He is a player of the robust rather than the finished type, and when anyone knocks up against his 6 ft. 1 in. and 13 st. of solid flesh, it is bad for the knocker. Mr. Hay is, of course, an amateur, and is engaged in commercial pursuits in the Metropolis.

I don't think that the Corinthians have ever had a more successful tour than the one they recently finished in Scotland and the North of England. Out of nine matches played they won six, lost one, and drew two, scoring 32 goals against 16 by their opponents. Their best victory was over Queen's Park at Glasgow, although their win by seven to three over Sheffield United was a great performance. The Casuals, on the other hand, have rarely had a more disastrous tour. Nine matches were lost, two won, and three drawn, while the goal record shows nearly two to one against them.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

W. HAY, CALEDONIANS.

THE "GOD" TO THE "STAR."

They say that your lover to-dye
Is a torf at five bob in the stalls.
Well, p'raps he may chuck a bokye,
But it's me as starts all of your "calls."
Yuss; I shout and I stamp, for I loves yer the sime
As before yer 'ad took to the 'Alls.
D'ye mind that there night as yer fust
Got a "turn" for to see 'ow yer'd go?
Your 'cart, yer said, beat fit to bust,
And my own seemed to slip a bit low.
We was all in a muck; but yer did the thing grite—
Yuss, the best bloomin' bit in the show.
D'ye mind, my dear, when yer come orf,
'Ow the arms that went round yer was mine?
'Twas me, Joey White, was your "torf,"
As we turned down the court in the rine.
Oh, now jolly we was with our quart of four 'arf,
And them wheelks we took in from the Line!
It's past. Yer 'aves hysters and fizz;
You're a "drore" now, and goin' the pice.
I knows where yer grub since yer've riz,
For I've shut up your kerridge-door twice.
Yuss: I've shut up the door of your kerridge—my Gawd!
And yer didn't remember my fice.

LEONARD MERRICK.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Richard Figes, who is the popular starter to the French Jockey Club, is an Englishman. He was born at Salisbury, and went to school with Alec Marsh, the great baritone, and myself in the Cathedral Close

there. Richard's father, who kept the Three Swans Hotel, acted for many years as Clerk of the Course to Salisbury Races, and at his death Richard succeeded him both in the management of the hotel business and the race-course. Mr. Figes also took office as starter under the late Mr. McGeorge, and when the post in France was vacant he had no trouble in obtaining from English owners of position such recommendations that ensured his getting the appointment; and I am glad to hear that he has given the most complete satisfaction; and it must not be forgotten that some of the French jockeys are difficult customers to rule at the starting-post. Mr. Figes is married, and lives half the year in Paris and the other half in London, as he is not,

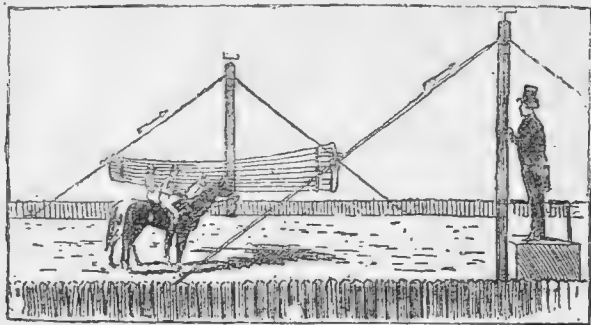


Photo by Robinson, Regent Street.

MR. RICHARD FIGES.

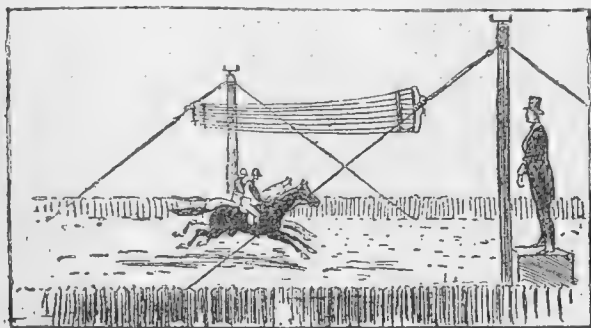
by-the-bye, allowed to handle the flag at jumping-meetings. He is a bit of a Bohemian, is fond of dogs, and has written for one or two London newspapers. The Paris illustrated papers are fond of caricaturing the official starter, and "Dick Figes" is easily recognised by the ordinary passer-by.

A curious starting-machine has been tried successfully in Victoria, the initial trial having been made at the recent Spring Meeting of the Victoria Racing Club, held in Melbourne. The Johnstone-Gleeson Machine, as it is called, consists of several strands of rope stretched



THE GATE IN POSITION: READY FOR STARTING.

across the full width of the track, behind which the horses are ranged. As soon as the horses are ready to go, the starter presses a button, which releases the barrier, and it immediately, by an upward and outward movement, shoots up to a bar several feet above the horses' heads.



THE GATE RUN UP: "OFF!"

Many sportsmen were prejudiced against this innovation, but when the start for the Australian Derby took place, immediately opposite the Grand Stand, and all the horses, on the word "Go!" started off with one bound, even the most sceptical had to admit that the machine had great advantages. The illustrations are reproduced from the *Australasian*.

I hope Mr. Leopold de Rothschild will succeed Lord March as a Steward of the Jockey Club. Mr. Leopold is an ardent follower of the "sport of kings," and he is approachable. Many a jockey, bookmaker, and owner has to thank him for good advice which he has freely given with regard to the investment of savings. No owner is more popular among the members of the Press, and I feel sure, if Mr. Leopold could only be induced to put in three years as a Steward, the whole racing world would rejoice.

Many sporting analysts are busily engaged in attempting to forestall the handicappers, and I am told the sporting publishers have, since the appearance of the spring entries, driven a roaring trade in racing-guides and the like. The Newmarket watchers think Irish Car, a tiny horse, will go close for the Lincoln Handicap. The talent is not likely to look beyond Cloister for the Grand National, and Ravensbury, should he run, would be backed against all comers for the Chester Cup; that, too, despite his weight. The winners of the City and Suburban and Jubilee Stakes will take some finding.

I hear of certain changes in racecourse reporting that are to come into operation with the opening of the season. One London paper, so rumour has it, is about to start a sporting service on its own account. As the experiment will cost, at the very least, £3000 per annum, it will be watched with interest. The reporting at present is undertaken by two or three agencies, and, in my opinion, for accuracy and despatch it cannot be beaten. The racing reporters of the present day are gentlemen of education, who display plenty of enterprise in their work, but, at the same time, never forget the journalist's motto which says, "In doubt, leave out."

CHRISTMAS OF LONDON'S "DRIFT" CHILDREN.

The birth of the New Year is essentially an excellent time for children, and it is appropriate that it should be so. During the past week, a series of festivals for little folk whose home life does not permit of luxuries has been held. First there was the banquet in the stately Guildhall, organised by Alderman Treloar, for 1500 poor children who had been gathered from the highways and the byways of the City through the agency of Mr. John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended in state, and their gorgeous appearance must have feasted the eyes of the little folk as the roast beef, plum pudding, and dessert (catered for by Messrs. Lyons and Co.) did their hungry little stomachs. Each child received from Messrs. Lyons a Christmas cracker, and from Messrs. Raphael Tuck a New Year's card and a specially designed medal. After dinner, the Mohawk Minstrels and a number of variety artistes entertained the children. It may be explained that 70 large fore-ribs of beef, half a ton of hot potatoes, 600 lb. of Christmas pudding, 2000 apples, and 2000 batons of Vienna bread, together with 96 gallons of milk in mugs, were used at the feast, and nearly £100 was handed over to the Ragged School Union.

And then on Thursday, two days later, the stately Guildhall opened its hospitable doors to the 1200 poor children (400 of them cripples) and 150 old grannies gathered together by the *Westminster Gazette*, aided by its readers and by many generous-hearted people. Mr. Lipton sent large supplies of tea and sugar; the Bovril Company gave each guest a tin of bovril; Messrs. Ring and Rymer, contractors to the Corporation, provided the old ladies with a free tea; Sir Augustus Harris sent the mighty fir-tree that towered before the eyes of the more favoured children who had graced his fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden a few nights before; and Mr. Graham King, chairman of the Free Lands Committee of the Corporation, did everything that in him lay to make the gathering successful. The *Pall Mall Gazette* tree was dismantled in Charrington's Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. Earl Brownlow gave the tree, Messrs. Roger Dawson and Co. lighted it, and Bovril is curiously described as having been the Slave of the Beef, and more than five hundred children were made happy, if only for a short time.



INVITATION TO THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" CHRISTMAS-TREE.

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BRIGHT METAL.

English Patents,
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Specially Prepared and Perfumed for Toilet Use.

WELDON'S JOURNALS, December 1893.

EDWARDS' HARLENE.—No one need despair in this *fin-de-siècle* age. We are finding cures for every ill, and among the most eagerly accepted are those which undertake to restore our grey hairs to their pristine beauty, and to cover any bald patches with a new and vigorous growth. A very good and extremely pleasant preparation of the kind is Edwards' Harlene, which also undertakes to produce whiskers and moustachios upon the cheeks and lips of aspiring youth. The lotion is a strong stimulant to growth, and may be used as well to arrest the falling hair. In many cases of apparently incurable baldness this stimulant has produced excellent results, although, of course, patience and steady perseverance with the remedy are necessary. The process of reproduction once lost is not easily regained, but instances are known in which the power of growth has been fully restored. Our best thanks, therefore, are due to Messrs. Edwards for their excellent preparation, bottles of which cost from 1s. up to 5s. 6d. each.

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EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BRICK AND MARBLE.

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it built of marble," said Augustus Cæsar.

Which is something to boast of. Whosoever turns a sheep pasture into a cornfield, or makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is so far a benefactor to his race. And whosoever finds the world cursed by pain and disease, and leaves behind him the knowledge how to overcome it—at least in part—is worthy of even a better guerdon. This a few have done, and their crowns of blessing will remain bright ages after the Roman emperors have been utterly forgotten.

Here is a short story in that line. Mrs. Monica Barrett worked in a mill, and does yet. She belongs to that great multitude in England who depend on their labour for a living. The question with her is: What can my two hands do?—not, How shall I spend my income? Her husband (who will pardon us for mentioning it) is a shoemaker, and a good one. He hammers away at his bench, and his wife toils at the mill—as we said. It takes both to keep the pot boiling, and to find meat to put in that same pot. Early hours and late, no matter how backs may ache and eyelids grow heavy with sleep: that's the way it goes.

Well, some time in 1885, this woman began to

lose her power to work. You who (like the writer of these lines) *must* work, or have no money for the butcher, the baker, or the landlord, understand what it means to have to knock off work. Yet we stick as long as we can. To be sure. Who consents to drown so long as there is a straw to clutch at? She held on when she ought to have been in bed at home.

"I could hardly stand at the loom," she says, "I was so weak. I had been ill ever since the spring. It was then I first felt languid, tired, and weary. Everything was a trouble to me, I was so discouraged and depressed. I couldn't eat; my appetite was almost gone. And when I did eat a little of something, it hurt me at the chest and in the pit of the stomach. There was a bitter, sourish taste in my mouth, and a sickening wind or gas came up. My strength gave out more and more, and one cannot work when the body trembles with weakness. What ailed me I couldn't tell.

"From time to time I was obliged to leave my work at the mill, and stay at home. Occasionally I would be laid up two or three weeks in this way. I was anxious to get well; who wouldn't be? I consulted two doctors, one after the other, in hopes they could help me. They gave me medicines, but I was none the better. One of the doctors said my complaint was constitutional weakness. Besides the doctors' medicines I took

others, but they didn't reach my trouble. Year after year I suffered thus, sometimes feeling a bit better, and then worse again. It was a sad and miserable time, and so long—from the spring of 1885 to the spring of this year, 1893.

"Last March I read in a little book about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got a bottle from Mr. Watkinson, chemist, Fylde Road. After I had taken it for fourteen days I felt wonderfully relieved; my food agreed with me; I relished it and gained strength. Cheered up by this I kept on taking it, and it wasn't long before all the pain and distress were gone like a bad dream, and I was a new woman. Since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. (Signed) Monica Barrett, 11, Maudland Road, Preston, Oct. 10, 1893."

Save for the happy ending, what a sad story this is! The worst part is that she should have suffered eight years with indigestion and dyspepsia (the bane and blight of women) when she might have been cured in eight days had she known of the Syrup, and used it in the spring of 1885. There is no measuring or figuring on an experience like this. It is death in life. Yet hundreds of thousands of English women are going through it all the time—yes, *even now*. Well, we can only say, try the medicine that cured Mrs. Barrett. If it cured her, why not you?

"I found Rome built of brick; I left it marble," said Cæsar.

"I find people ill; I leave them well," says Mother Seigel.

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Empress of Russia*

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From Photographs by Goodwin, Norwood.



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THE LADIES ANGELA, ELLA, AND SAPHIR (MISSES NELLIE LEMON, TESSA BENNETT, AND DAISY KAY).

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I should have felt that I should have been forced for ever after to give up all claim to the latter part of our present heading, had I not let you have an early peep this week at three of the gowns worn in the piece about which all London is raving just now—I mean, of course, “King Arthur,” at the Lyceum. With these sketches you will, for the time being, have to be content, owing to the fact that the day of going to press is a thing not to be put aside even for such an important event as a Lyceum production; but next week I shall have a great deal to say to you about these wonderful Burne-Jones-designed costumes, while, in the meantime, we must just pat each other on the back at having got even so much as we have. Then, as extremes invariably meet, we will pass from these old-time dreams of beauty, direct to the latest invention of our modern Dame Fashion; and, though to a certain extent “the play’s the

broad sash-ends falling to the bottom of the skirt, and the full sleeves having dainty lace ruffles, which veiled the wrists, and fell slightly over the hand. There were sundry bunches of deftly placed orange-blossoms on the corsage, but the trained skirt was absolutely unrelieved in its rich simplicity. Altogether different in style was Miss Calhoun’s dress, with its cleverly folded bodice softened at neck and wrists with touches of old lace, and worn with a lace veil, which, I must say, was arranged in such a perfect way that every prospective bride should have taken a lesson therefrom for future use. The mother of the brides (Mrs. Boucicault) had a delightfully pretty, matronly gown of grey brocade, the coat bodice, which was bordered with a broad band of steel embroidery, opening over a vest of white lace, held in at the waist by a band and bow of satin; a dainty little bonnet to match completed the costume. In startling contrast was Miss Kate Phillips’s striking gown, with skirt of white moiré antique, striped broadly with black satin, and smart little coat bodice of red velvet, fastened at each side with diamond buttons, and having revers



MISS LENA ASHWELL.



MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD.



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

COSTUMES IN “KING ARTHUR,” AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

thing,” there is another side to the question, and let the merits or demerits of a piece be what they may, they do not blind the eyes, of the feminine portion of the audience at any rate, to the attractions of the more or less—and generally more—costly gowns, without which no modern play can, so it seems, be put upon the stage nowadays; in fact, the most famous *modistes* are now called in to aid in the apotheosis of the stage-dress, with the result that we often have an extensive series of “living (fashion) pictures” presented to us at our leading theatres, to our great edification and the consequent elaboration of our own attire—and also of our dressmakers’ bills. Take, for instance, the ill-fated “Slaves of the Ring,” at the Garrick, which was entirely dressed by Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street. So altogether beautiful were the costumes that, though the piece has already run its little allotted span, they remain in my mind as such excellent representations of genuinely up-to-date fashion that I cannot resist presenting them to you as such. They are altogether too good to be missed, as I think you will allow when you hear what I have got to say about them.

To begin with, therefore, take the two wedding-gowns in which appeared in Act I. those two particular “slaves” represented by Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Eleanor Calhoun, and one or other of which brides-elect might, with advantage, copy for the all-important occasion of their own marriage. Miss Kate Rorke (another convert, by the way, to the fascinations of red-gold hair, which, it must be owned, became her wonderfully) had an Empire gown of white satin, with a yoke of brocade finished with a huge bow of the same rich fabric at the left side, the

of pale-pink satin covered with an appliqué of handsome cream guipure. There was a full vest of the palest pink chiffon, with a waistband of black satin, another effective touch of the same satin appearing above the smart little velvet basques at the back, and forming the collar, which had a diamond button at each side.

In Act II. everyone was plunged into mourning, and it struck me as being one of the most important signs of the times, as far as mourning is concerned, to find Miss Rorke in a widow’s dress composed entirely of crape, and made with the most absolute simplicity, the bodice, with its white collar and cuffs, having a tiny vest of black chiffon, from which fell a slightly overhanging box-pleat. Truly, crape is making up for the temporary seclusion into which it was led, or rather, forced, a little time back; and the depth of your woe is now once more measured by the yards of crape you display. I must say that, in spite of its sad associations, crape always commands my admiration on account of its own peculiar beauty, and I do think that, in the case of a widow, nothing could be in more perfect taste than such a gown as Miss Rorke’s. Miss Kate Phillips did not let unmitigated woe interfere with her appearance, and she looked well in a smart black cloth gown, the zouave bodice having revers and sailor-collar of white silk, ornamented with bands of black ribbon-velvet. There was a vest of white lace, and neck- and collar-bands of white satin, each with its own cut-jet buttons, while the plain skirt had two tapering rows of tiny black buttons at each side. Then, in this same second act, Miss Calhoun had a *robe de nuit* which was a veritable thing of beauty, its full folds composed of the softest

[Continued on page 593.]

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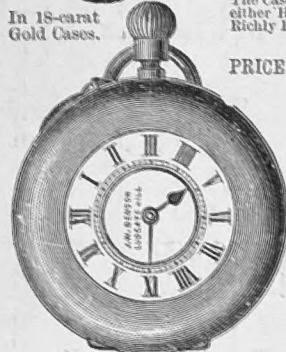
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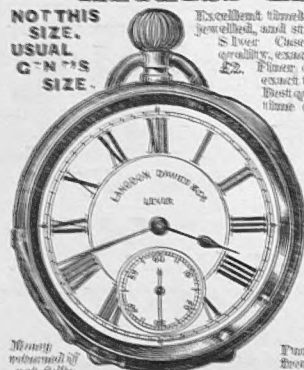


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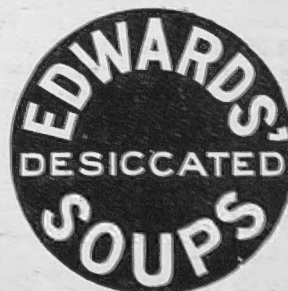
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ivory-white silk, and much lovely lace, in the form of insertion and frills, appearing on the bodice and bordering the sleeves. So beautiful was it that it made one realise how perfect cut tells, even in a night-dress!

But it was in Act III. that the loveliest gowns were worn. Miss Kate Rorke had an Empire evening gown of tea-rose yellow satin, glittering with multitudinous gold sequins, which were sewn thickly over the entire dress. The slightly trained back fell in a Watteau pleat from a butterfly bow of the satin, and a band of sequins outlined the square-cut décolletage, the sleeves, smaller than has been their wont of late, being slightly puffed. A perfect finishing touch was given by two full-blown roses, with petals of black velvet, which nestled in the centre of the corsage in front, a touch which was Messrs. Jay's hall-mark. Miss Calhoun's gown was of white satin, the skirt embroidered in front with a flight of silver butterflies of varying size, while the bodice, which had great drooping sleeves of white chiffon, boasted of still another gorgeous butterfly, this one, which was of giant proportions, covering the whole of the front, the wings curving under the arms, and the whole arrangement being eminently becoming to the figure. Miss Phillips, who had a reputation for striking dresses to keep up, had a really beautiful gown of orange-coloured velvet, the draped bodice being cut square, and bordered with folds of white satin, thickly studded with gold sequins, the puffed sleeves being elaborate affairs, slashed open in front, and turned back with white satin, then caught together with diamond ornaments. The front of the skirt was embroidered in circles with jet and gold, and round her neck Miss Phillips wore a band of white satin, simply encrusted with diamonds. Mrs. Boucicault had an ideal evening gown for a matron's wear. It was composed of deep-hued petunia velvet, adorned with yellowish lace, jet, and fur—the most effective combination possible. So now I think you will allow that the gowns at least were worthy of a tribute of admiration, for they were full of good ideas, while the mere fact of their being the latest productions of Messrs. Jay made them of interest to women generally. Poor "Slaves of the Ring!" They wanted something to compensate them for their misery.

I must give a word also to the delightful gown in which Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the latest theatrical bride, appeared with her husband, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, in the little front piece, "Sixes and Sevens," for it is worthy of imitation. The skirt was of turquoise-blue crêpon, and the full bodice of chiffon in the same lovely shade, the great, drooping sleeves being full to the wrist. Sprays of violets and pink Banksia roses fell over the shoulders, and a long, knotted trail of the same flowers adorned the skirt, falling from the waist almost to the hem at the back. Truly these floral garnitures are lovely as to appearance, but, alas! their price is somewhat prohibitive.

However, gowns have had their turn for this week. And now I want to know whether you have seen the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' new catalogue for 1895, because if not you should send for one to 112, Regent Street, by the next post. To begin with, it is even on the exterior a most attractive production, with its dainty white-and-gold cover, while its size and the general beauty of its get-up make one wonder how a copy can be sent post-free to every applicant, and yet such is the case. As to the contents—some two hundred and fifty odd pages, profusely illustrated throughout—they baffle description, and would take columns all to themselves if justice were to be done to them. As that is impossible, I must leave you to find out all the fascinating novelties for yourselves, and to take due advantage of the same when the next birthday or wedding comes round and demands recognition—these we have always with us, even though we are enjoying at present a comparative respite from the all-round giving entailed by Santa Claus; but if at any time or season you want to give acceptable presents you cannot do better than consult the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' catalogue.

FOR THE TOILET-TABLE.

As every woman, be she old or be she young, is desirous of having that greatest of attractions, a good complexion, anything which is a means to the desired end is sure of a welcome from women in general; so, as Wakelee's "Camelline" has everything to recommend it and nothing against it, the natural consequence is that it is in universal demand. Personally, I have only just discovered it, and so hand on the information at once to you, only regretting that I have not introduced you to such a veritable boon before. Such famous folk as Ellen Terry, Patti, and Jane Hading write in praise of "Camelline," so I think that we may take their word for it, and the testimonials of many thousands, which all go to prove that "Camelline" has a marvellous effect upon the skin and complexion, to which it imparts a delightful bloom and softness, and a freshness which even youth itself does not always give—added to this, it is perfectly pure and absolutely harmless to the most tender skin. And at any chemists you can get all this at half-a-crown a bottle; so, surely, when such a small expenditure is necessary, there can be no question as to the advisability of making yourself good to look upon by means of "Camelline."

One more piece of information which concerns you all. Madame Yorke is now selling off the whole of her stock at 40, Conduit Street, at prices which are simply astounding. You know her goods by repute and trial, and so I need say no more.

FLORENCE.

FIRST YOUNGSTER: "I've got a new baby brother, what come from heaven last night."

SECOND YOUNGSTER: "That's nothin'. My little baby brother went to heaven yesterday."

FIRST YOUNGSTER (*reflectively*): Pete, I bet it's the same kid.

SIR EDWARD LAWSON'S COUNTRY SEAT.

Hall Barn, the beautiful old country house near Beaconsfield, where the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have been visiting Sir Edward Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is curiously illustrative of an age that delighted in the artificial above all things. Built by the poet-statesman, Sir Edmund Waller, after his return from France, the straight and square brick front, with its stone-dressed windows and curious pilasters, looks over a park of some four hundred acres, laced with many an avenue of beech, while the ornamental grounds near the house are traversed with many walks, screened from wind and shower by laurels and evergreens—straight, all of them, formal and artificial always, but beautiful mostly, leading to quaint rustic temples dedicated to Venus and her sisterhood, and surrounding a broad sheet of ornamental water. "The old house and its hallowed roof-tree," as the sentimental Mr. Leadbetter calls it, has covered the heads of men of greatness in its day. Hither came Cromwell, "with his goodly train of Psalm-singing Puritans," to visit his kinsman the poet, and talk of history by the hour, or to chat with his aunt, the poet's mother, at whose head, we are told, he used playfully to throw a napkin or two when that garrulous old lady aired her Royalist sympathies too freely. And here, in his rock-hewn garden nook, "with his gayest garb and his wittiest sallies," Waller bandied quip and jest with the King and his beautiful mistress, when that merry monarch was "enjoying his own again." Or we may fancy the love-stricken poet dreaming the hours away in his study, as he gazed at the portraits of the fair Saccharissa which used to hang on its walls. And hard by, in Beaconsfield Churchyard, he was laid to rest in 1687,

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new,

as his beautiful monument still tells the traveller.

CHILDREN IN "PATIENCE."

I am thinking seriously of joining the Thirteen Club, for I have just been persuaded that thirteen is not an unlucky number. For why? Because I was, on Friday evening, at the thirteenth annual operatic performance of Mr. Charles H. Cellier's children's class at Anerley Vestry Hall; and a more successful production of "Patience" could not have been demanded with much justice by the master-martinet of stage-managers, Mr. Gilbert himself. During the past twelve years, Mr. Cellier (who is a brother of the late Alfred Cellier, the lamented composer of "Dorothy," and of Mr. François Cellier, the conductor at the Savoy) and his class of children have rendered "Pinafore" (twice), "Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," "Patience," "Princess Ida," "The Gondoliers," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Mikado" (twice), and "Dorothy" (twice), certainly a formidable list. On one of the occasions of the production of "Dorothy," the composer, I believe, did the young folks the honour of presiding at the piano, and was so amused at the antics of the Lurcher of the evening that he forgot his cue. Had Sir Arthur Sullivan been at the piano on Friday evening he might have done just the same, for the naïve and original comicality of some of the players was very entertaining. Especially was this true of Master Charlie Simpson (Bunthorne), Master Herbert Strudwick (a capital Grosvenor), and Miss Ethel Kay (the Lady Jane). The pose of this young lady was most dignified and "massive," as Gilbert's phrase goes, and her singing of "Silver'd is the raven hair," at the beginning of the second act, was, perhaps, the success of the evening. The part of Patience—that maiden who, like the "gentle Jane" of Grosvenor, was "as good as gold"—was charmingly played and sung by Miss Eva Hart, and I know that her pretty face, in its frame of golden hair and milkmaid's cap, bewitched the heart of at least one bald-headed old fogey. "The whole," as the play-bills have it, was produced under the direction of Mr. Cellier, and Mr. Tom Sutton helpfully accompanied.

M.

COUPON TICKET.

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd..

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Jan. 16, 1895.

Signature.....

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 12, 1895.

Trade improves very slowly, and there appears to be very little chance of a substantial improvement in the value of money for the present. The drift of the Stock Markets has continued in the same direction as heretofore, with a further improvement in the highest class of investment securities. Consols have actually improved $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. since we last wrote to you, while Metropolitan Two-and-a-Half per Cents are at par. Colonials have all been firm, except, perhaps, Victorian issues, which are distinctly weak upon continued stories of trouble among the reconstructed banks in that colony.

Home Rails were in considerable demand until the Sheffield dividend frightened dealers, who up to that time had been rubbing their hands and whispering that distributions were on the whole to be "as in 1892." One estimate of the Sheffield distribution was 2 per cent., and when even this modest anticipation proved considerably over the mark, people began to ask each other if we had not been too sanguine all round. The South-Eastern meeting put an end to all chance of success which the Abbott-White agitation may ever have had, and if the directors are allowed to go on with the policy of conciliation there will be substantial improvements in value on the stocks of this Company and the Chatham line. Now that you have pocketed some of your profits on both Dover A and Little Chathams, dear Sir, we urge you to hold on to the rest for further improvements, which may be some time in coming, but will certainly fall to your share in the end. Some sanguine spirits talk about $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on Brighton A, but the general expectation does not exceed the figure we put it at last week.

The main difficulty in America is the currency matter, as to which we are not hopeful; but traffics on several of the lines are looking up, and the position of the Illinois Central does not, in our opinion, justify the heavy fall in the stock—at any rate, we would rather be buyers than sellers at this moment.

Nitrate rails are up to almost 19, and various stories are going round as to a powerful syndicate being formed in Paris to further push up the price. It will be well to watch this stock with some care, dear Sir, and secure a portion of your profit on any considerable rise, for, although the stock is one of the best high-dividend-payers in the market, you cannot expect to hold 10 per cent. stocks without looking after them.

The Rand output for 1894 is now announced as 2,023,664 ounces, or an improvement of nearly 600,000 upon the last twelve months. When we remember that the yield for 1890 was not quite one quarter of what it has proved for this year, there does not seem anything very unreasonable in the improvement which has gone on in the value of shares. Renewed buying appears to have set in, and there is considerable talk about two large companies which are said to be projected in Paris to develop the mining resources of Matabeleland. The first of these is to be called The Goldfields of Charterland, and is to have a capital of £500,000, while the other is to work in connection with the Oceana Company. The Chartered Company's meeting, for which Mr. Rhodes has returned to England, will be held on the 18th inst., and we shall then, no doubt, hear all about these and other schemes for the rapid development of the Company's vast possessions.

It is said that the Allsopp interim dividend is to be at the rate of 6 per cent. on the ordinary shares, and there has again been quite a flutter in the brewery market over the shares. Some of the insiders have been taking profits, the "bears" say, but in a week or two we shall see.

The report of the Debenture Corporation has just been published. The only good point about it is that the directors have had the pluck to send it out at all, and to face the very audible chuckle of that wicked man Horatio Bottomley. Not only has the company to write off £250,000 from its reserve account, but, like the Trustees Corporation, it is getting into deep water with its "loans on security," which now amount to nearly half a million, and must be cheerful reading for its debenture-holders. There is an amusing story told, dear Sir, of the School Board child, who, when asked by an examiner what the Wreck Commissioners were, replied without a moment's hesitation, "The Debenture Corporation," and, upon being pressed, is reported to have further astonished the official mind by explaining that Mr. Evans Broad was "the chief wrecker."

We advised your friends to sell at all sorts of prices from about 3 to the present level, and, if any of them have neglected our advice, we should still urge the same opinion upon them; if, however, people insist on belonging to a concern which trades upon the misfortunes of its fellow-creatures, and grows, or tries to grow, fat on providing receiverships for that deserving firm, Messrs. Broad, Patterson, and Co., accountants, of Walbrook, in the City of London, we feel they deserve any fate which the future may have in store for them. Like the poor boa-constrictor at the Zoo, they will probably, in the end, find their savings, if not, as in his case, their bodies, inside the capacious stomach of their excellent friends for whose benefit the Corporation was brought into existence and for whose profit it has ever since been run.

All sorts of drapery businesses are contemplating getting themselves turned into limited liability companies, including the well-known establishments of Roberts, in Islington, and a Cardiff house over which Mr. John Howell at present presides. With reasonable capitals, it is probable that the public, in its present mood, will receive the issues with open arms, although we attach no belief to the current report that the Lord Mayor may occupy the chair of one, at least, of the contemplated conversions.

We send you, as requested, a copy of Mr. Thomas Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year-Book" for 1895, without which, as you say, an investor is quite at sea. You will find the new edition enlarged and improved in many respects.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE ROTHERY BLOCK GOLD MINE, LIMITED, is offering 60,000 shares of £1 each at par. The property adjoins the New Rietfontein Estates, and comes out with a moderate capital. We do not quite understand why the Rand people let it come here at something like "bed-rock" price; but, judging from the prospectus, the shares offer a fair mining speculation.

CROMPTON AND CO., LIMITED, electrical engineers, are inviting subscriptions for £100,000 Five per Cent. Mortgage Debentures, although we think the security of a very shadowy nature. For our own part, we would rather invest our money in the shares of many successful industrial undertakings than on the security of these so-called debentures, for which there is likely to be no market.

BARRY THREE PER CENT. STOCK.—This is one of those municipal issues which are all the rage, and although not of the highest class, it is sure to go well. We think we can find our readers a dozen better investments for their money.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CIVIL SERVANT.—(1) We have been so long expecting that bottom had been reached in American Rails, that with fear and trembling we say, "Hold on." Please understand this simply means, if the stock were our own we should do so. (2) These bonds are absolutely guaranteed by the Canadian Pacific, and are safe enough as an investment; but the trade of Canada is bad, and we have not much faith in a large rise. (3) Good enough if you understand that no security paying this rate of interest is absolutely safe. (4) The danger is that the London County Council have given notice to buy part of the system, and have the power to purchase the rest in a few years. We do not know how the negotiations stand, but, on the whole, we should sell. (5) Would not Telegraph Construction shares suit you, or Uruguay Three-and-a-half Stock? Any of the Tea shares we mentioned some weeks ago would be fair investments, including the one you name. The Assam Railway and Trading Company's Eight per cent. Preference Shares are also a reasonable purchase. (6) Yes, or City of Wellington Waterworks bonds, or Dunedin Six per Cent. 1925 bonds. (7) We think you would find you were pestered with advice to change your investments.

CHATHAM.—The bank stands well, but you must not forget the liability in case of accidents.

J. P.—A very fair second-class investment, liable to some fluctuation of interest in good and bad years.

PLANTER.—Yes, you are quite right. By dealing with the people in question you will at least get what you buy at proper prices.

W. F. D.—We should strongly urge you to deal only through good brokers who are members of the Stock Exchange. People who offer to do your business without commission must be going to make money out of you in some other way, most likely by selling to you a trifle over the market price.

AGUILA.—Thank you. If the thing is so clear, it is strange that you alone have found it out. We hope what you say about the Brazilian Government is true.

WAITING.—We cannot find company-promoters for you: this is out of our line.

SANFORD.—See our answer to "Bengal Lancer" last week, and our remarks on the firm in question in this issue. We need say no more.

O. E. H.—Don't be in a hurry to get rid of your South-Easterns. The market is expecting 6 per cent on Brighton A stock.

COUNTRYMAN.—Your question is answered in this week's Notes. If you had read our Correspondence column, you would have saved at least one pound a share.

LINCOLN.—We should think the office you name quite sound, but, for our own money, should prefer larger offices, such as the Scottish Widows or the Alliance.

L.—(1) We do not care for this concern, and greatly prefer John Barker and Co.'s shares. (2) We do not know The "British" Aluminium Company, but if you mean The Aluminium Company, we should say, leave it alone. (3) All this row about calls must damage the bank, besides which, it is evident that the shareholders have no control. (4) We do not see how the call can be resisted, but write to the committee, and inquire on what possible plea they hope to delay payment. We expect you will get no satisfactory answer.

W. P. K.—We hope you have got our private letter. Thank you for the enclosure.

"L'AUDACE! TOUJOURS L'AUDACE!"

On Monday last we received the following letter from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., together with the draft mentioned therein—

Paris, Jan. 5, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—We take the liberty to hand you enclosed circular, which presents many points of public interest, especially in the manner in which it is proposed to wind up the affairs of the Bank of Van Diemen's Land, Limited, and to realise its assets.

We should feel obliged if you would find an early opportunity to notice this scheme in your column.

As we are at all times pleased to remunerate any services rendered us, we take this opportunity to hand you enclosed £10 as a small New Year's offering, and we trust that we may next New Year have reason to increase that amount.

Sincerely yours, CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL, AND CO.

To the City Editor, *The Sketch*.

Our first inclination was, of course, to return the draft, and kick the writer of the letter; but, when we reflected that the money had come into the pockets of Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. by a shameful system of trading upon the ignorance of many poor people spread all over the United Kingdom, we thought it would be as well not to give them back the money, but to apply it to the relief of our destitute and suffering fellow-countrymen, and we have, therefore, sent £5 to Charing Cross Hospital, and the same sum to the Hospital for Sick Children at Shadwell, in the name of the Paris firm. The receipts we will send on in due course, and next year we trust they will forward the increased amount of which they speak, direct to those two worthy institutions, or, if they prefer, to the Liberator Relief Fund.